

GOLD  
KEY

SNOOPER and BLABBER

NOW ONLY 12c

# SNOOPER and BLABBER DETECTIVES

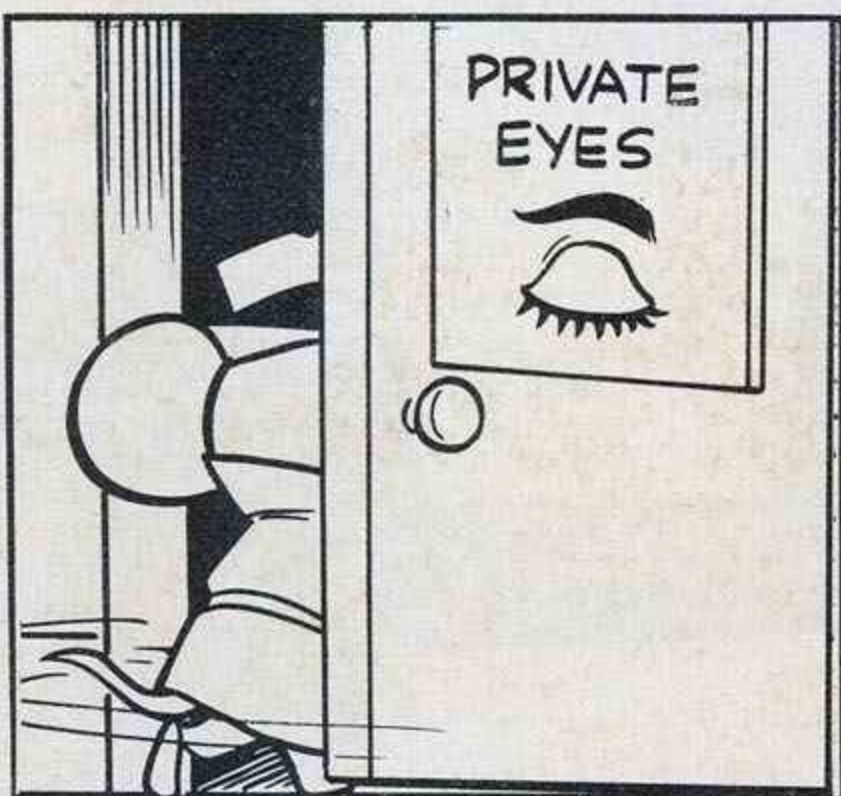
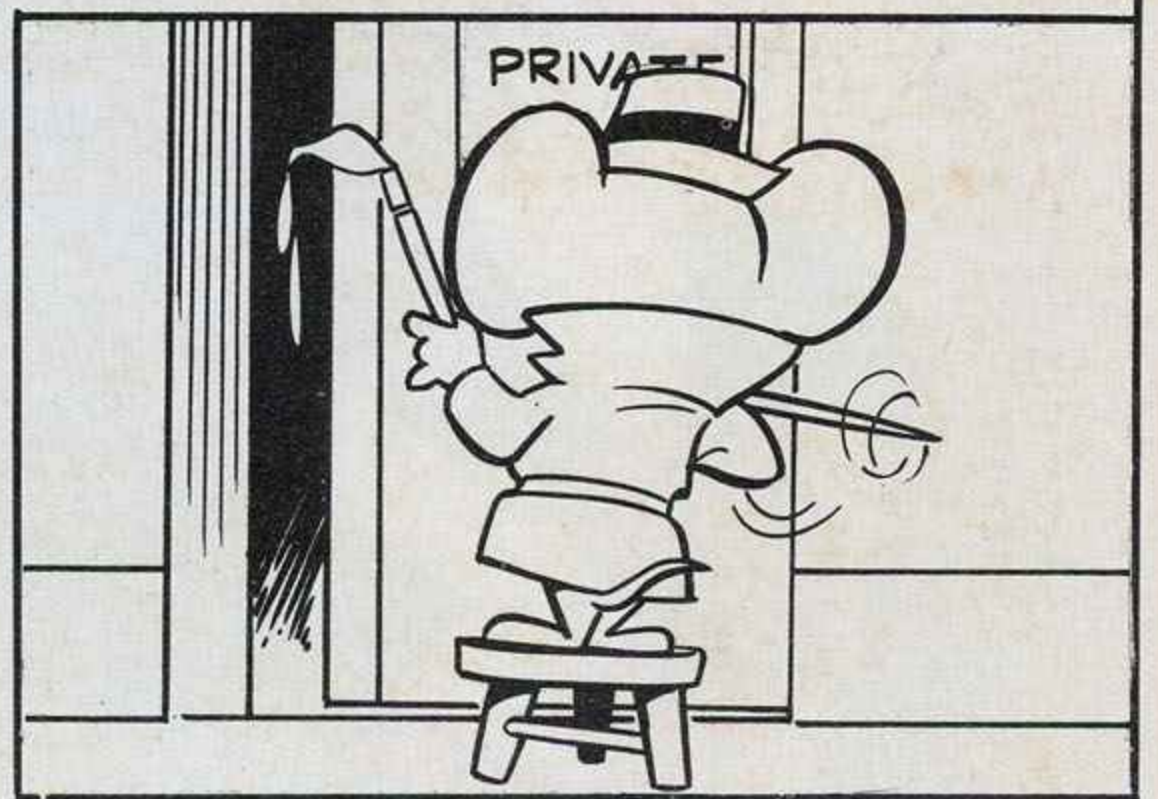
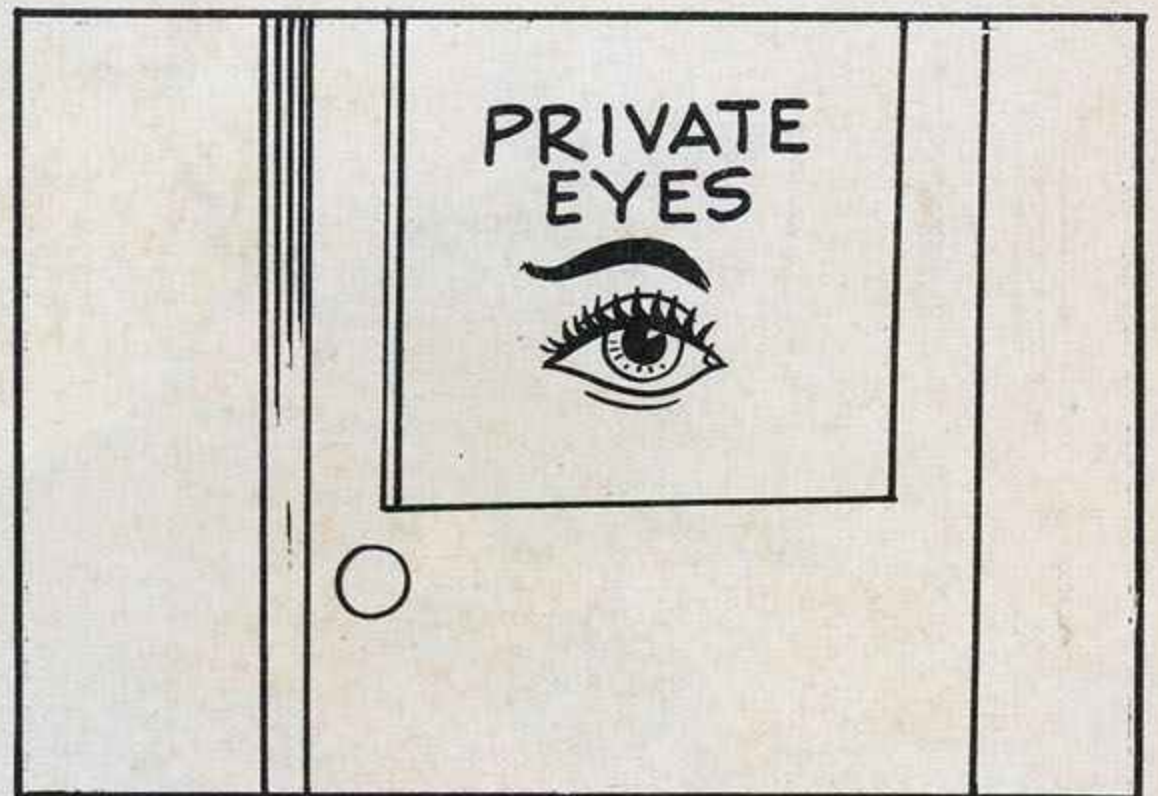
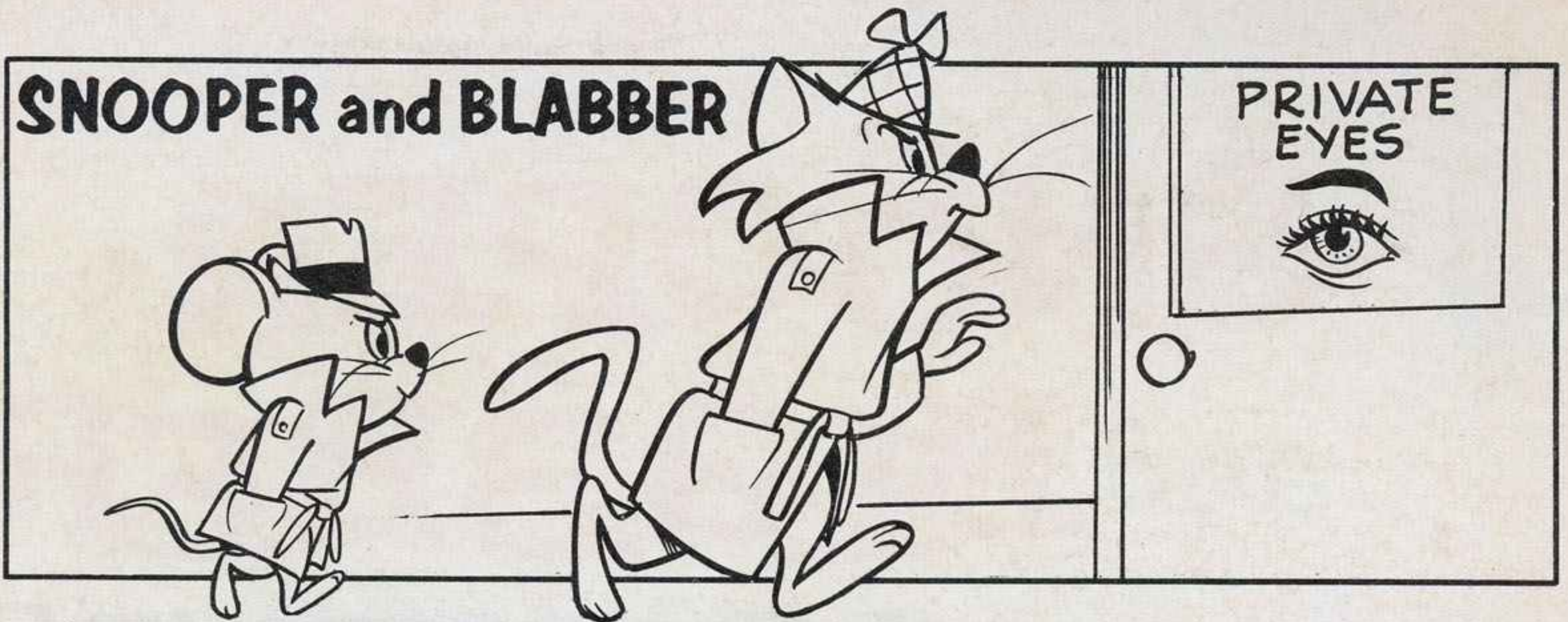


by HANNA-BARBERA

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# SNOOPER and BLABBER



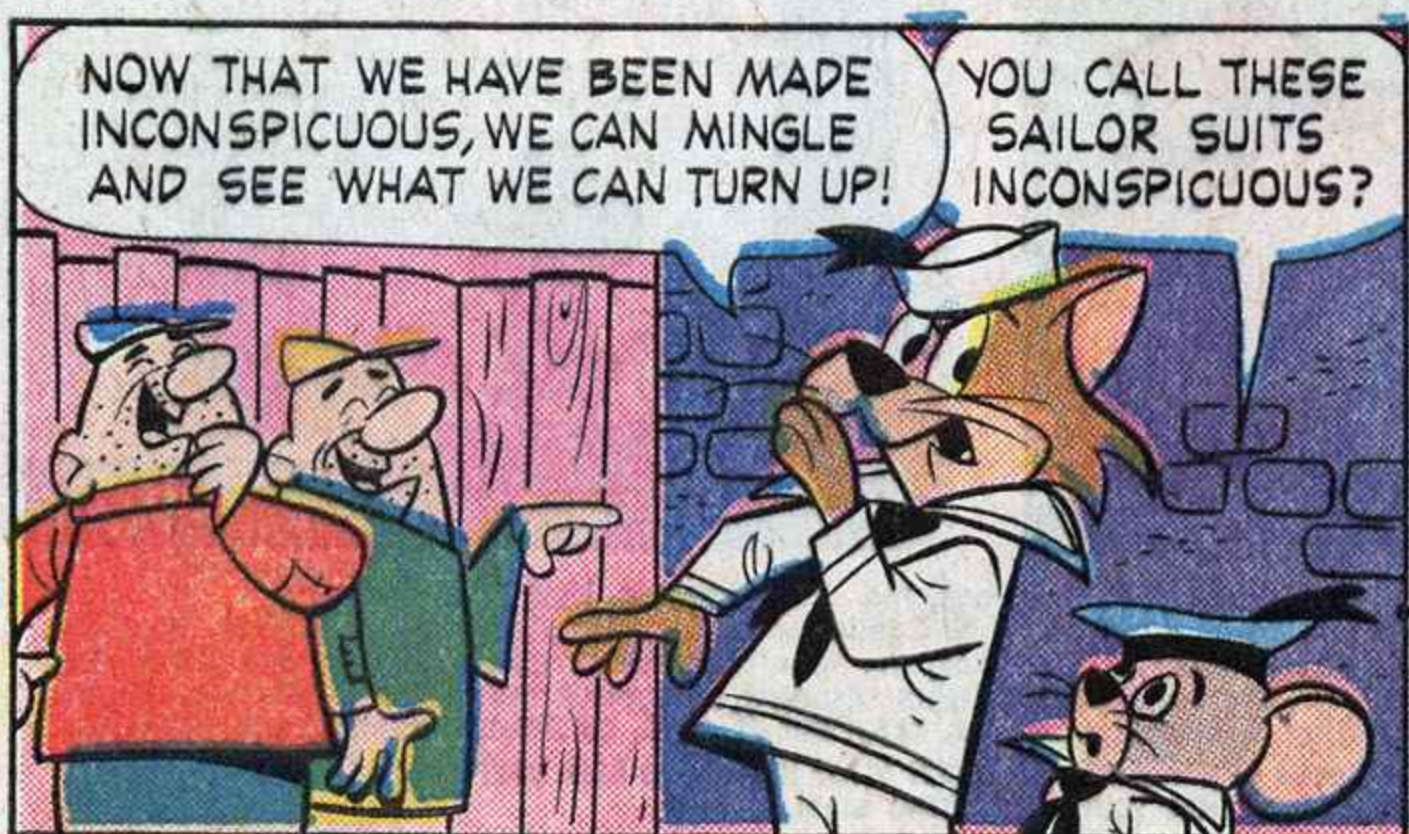
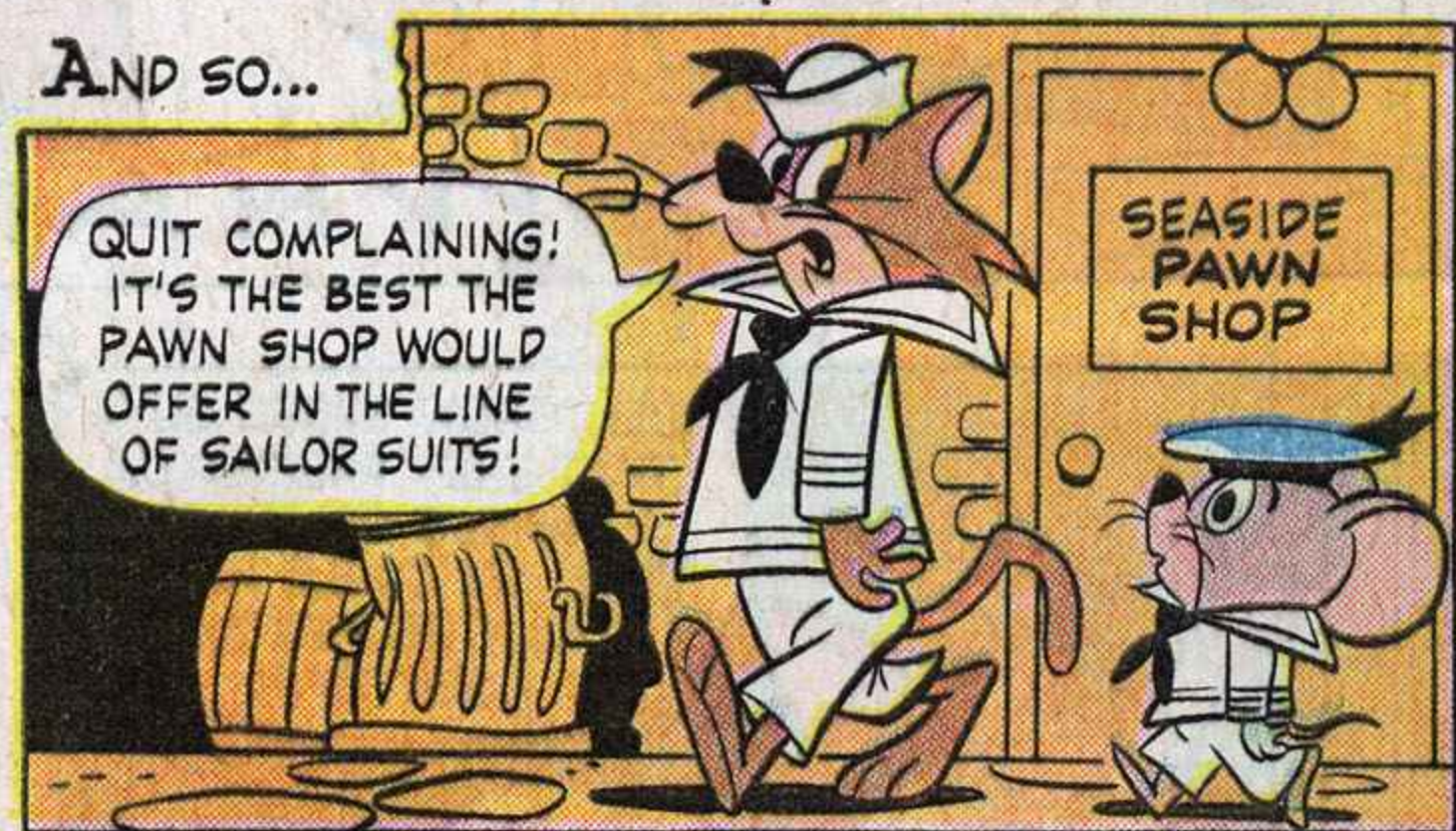
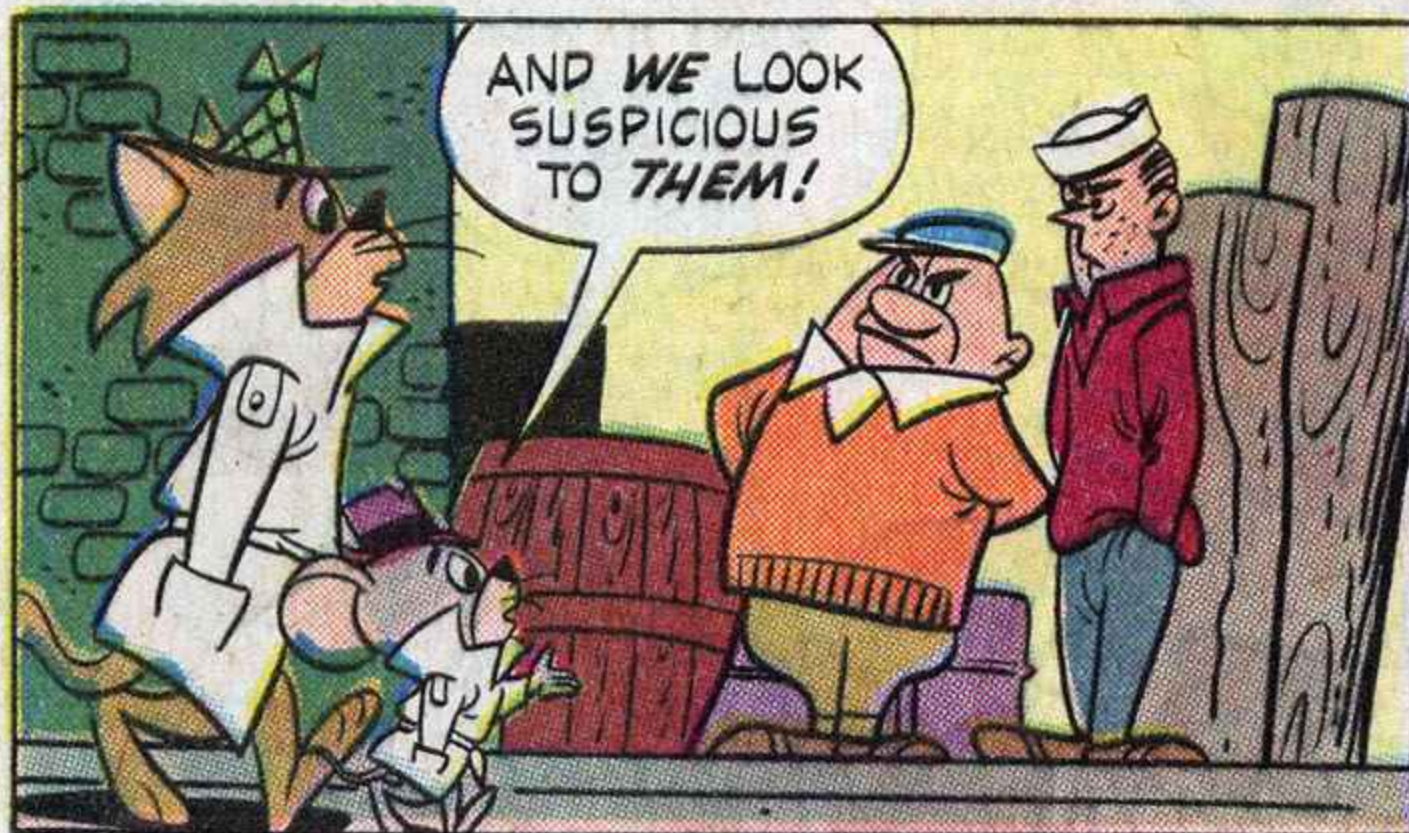
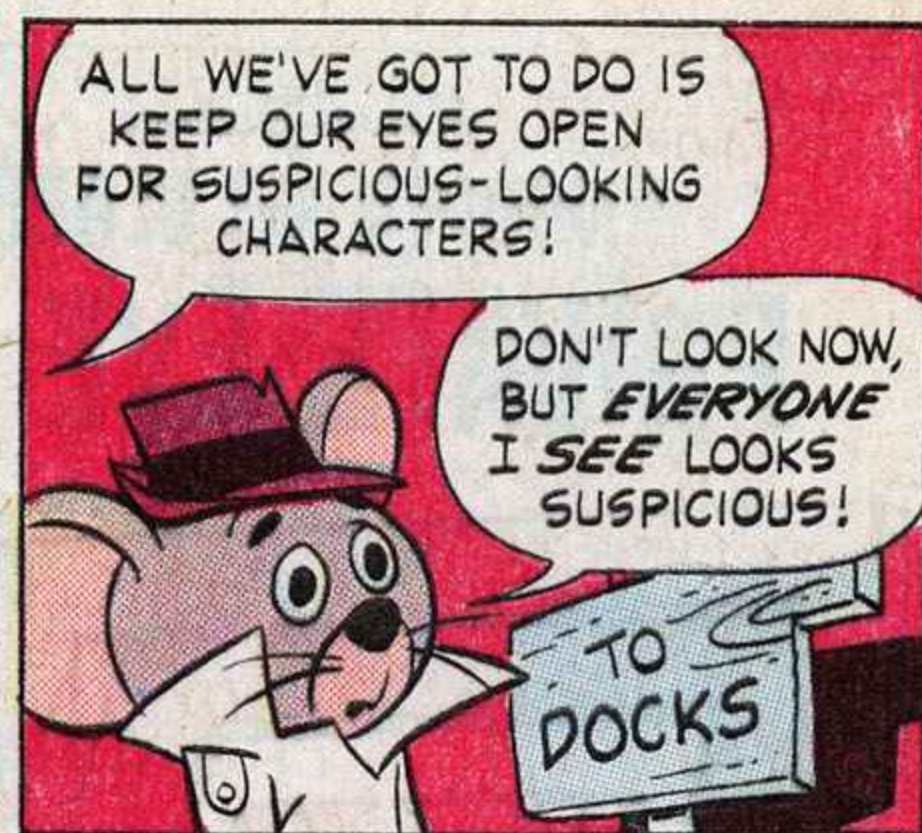


Hanna-Barbera  
SNOOPER and BLABBER  
PRIVATE-EYE SPIES

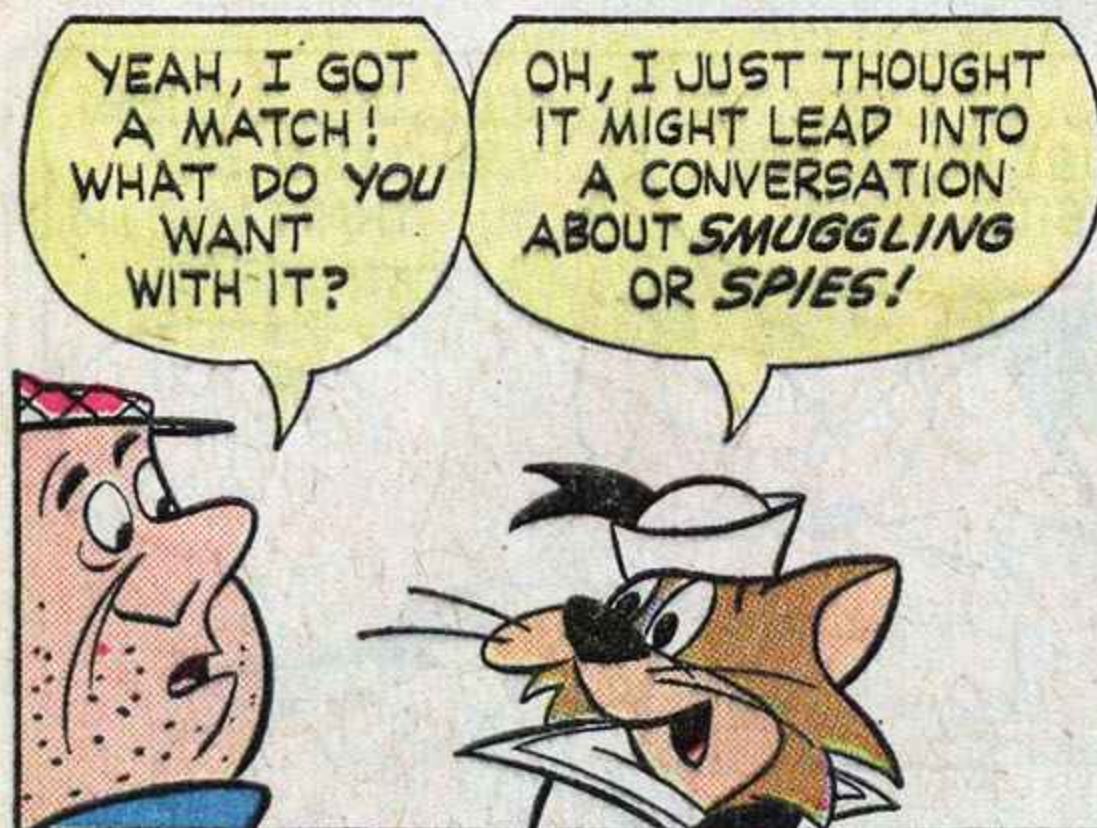


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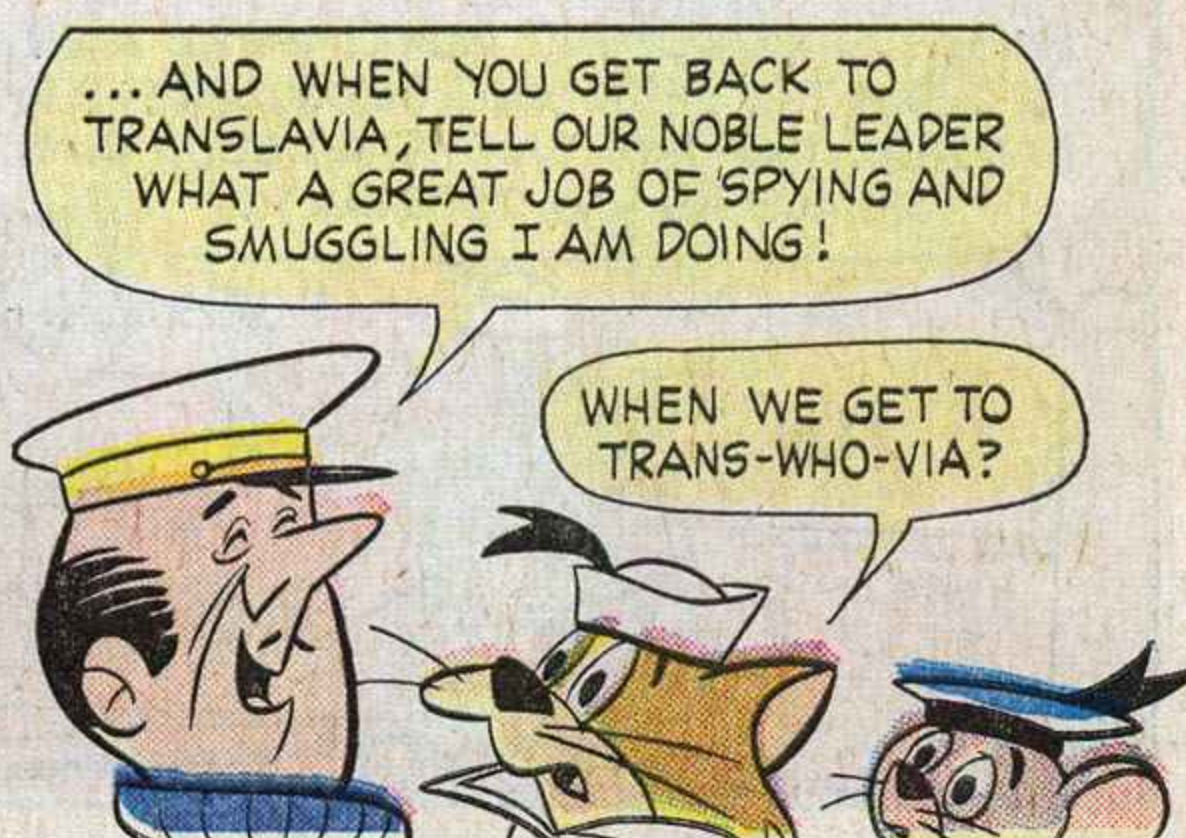
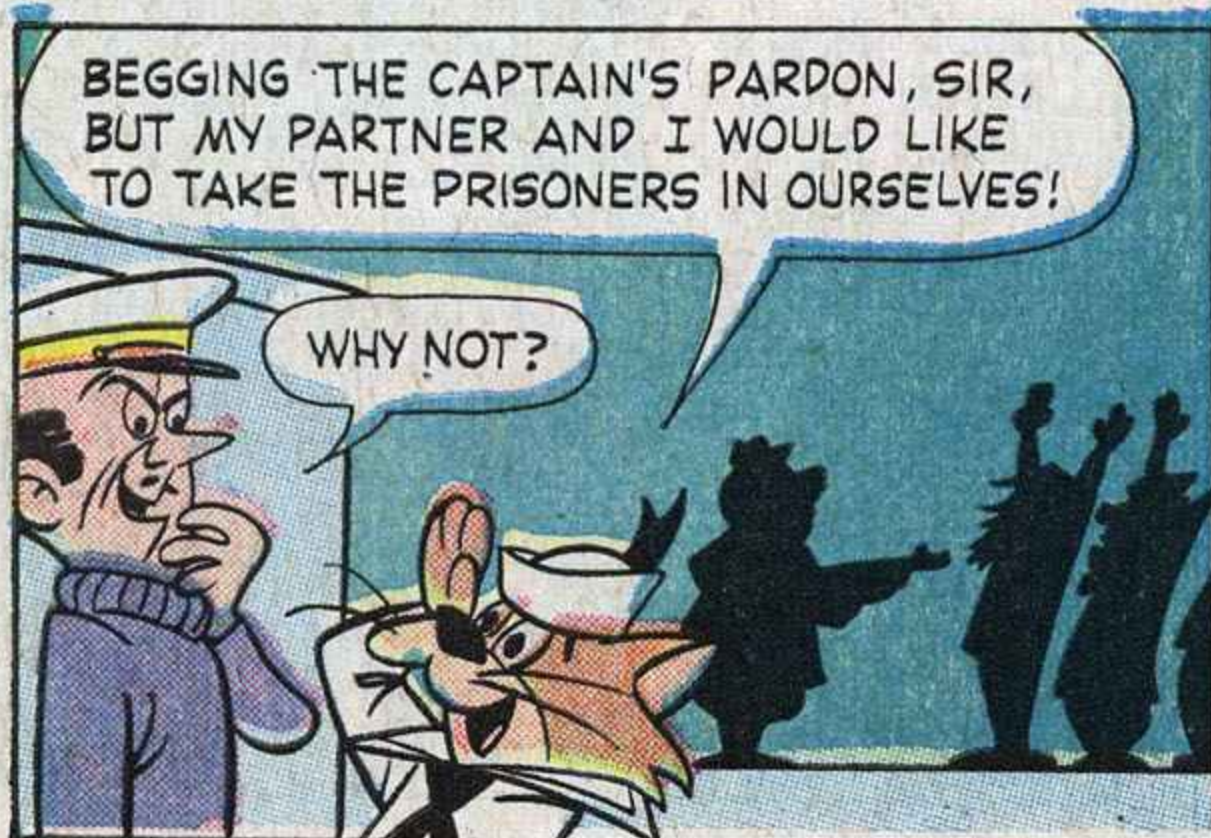
















YES...HE WILL BE VERY PLEASED!  
AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T EVERY DAY WE  
MANAGE TO CAPTURE F.I.B. UNDER-  
COVER MEN IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY!  
HAW! HAW!



YOU MEAN YOU  
CREEPY-LOOKING  
GUYS ARE F.I.B. MEN  
IN DISGUISE?

YES, AND WE HAD  
EVERYTHING UNDER  
CONTROL UNTIL *YOU*  
CAME ALONG!



WHAT ARE YOU... SOME KIND OF  
NEW ENEMY SECRET WEAPONS  
OR SOMETHING?

IT KIND OF  
*LOOKS*  
THAT WAY!



HEY, CAPTAIN... THERE'S THE SUB  
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MEET US!

GOOD! WE'LL  
TRANSFER THE  
PRISONERS  
TO IT!



YOU MEN HAVE THE HONOR OF  
TAKING THE PRISONERS ABOARD  
THE SUB! GET SOME GUNS!

YES,  
SIR,  
SIR!



WHAT ARE YOU TAKING  
*ALL* THOSE GUNS FOR?

WE WANT  
TO BE SURE  
*ONE* WORKS,  
IN CASE THEY  
TRY TO  
ESCAPE!



HEY, YOU F.I.B.  
FELLAS! CATCH!







Hanna-Barbera SNOOPER and BLABBER

# THE CASE OF THE DISGUISED ROCKET

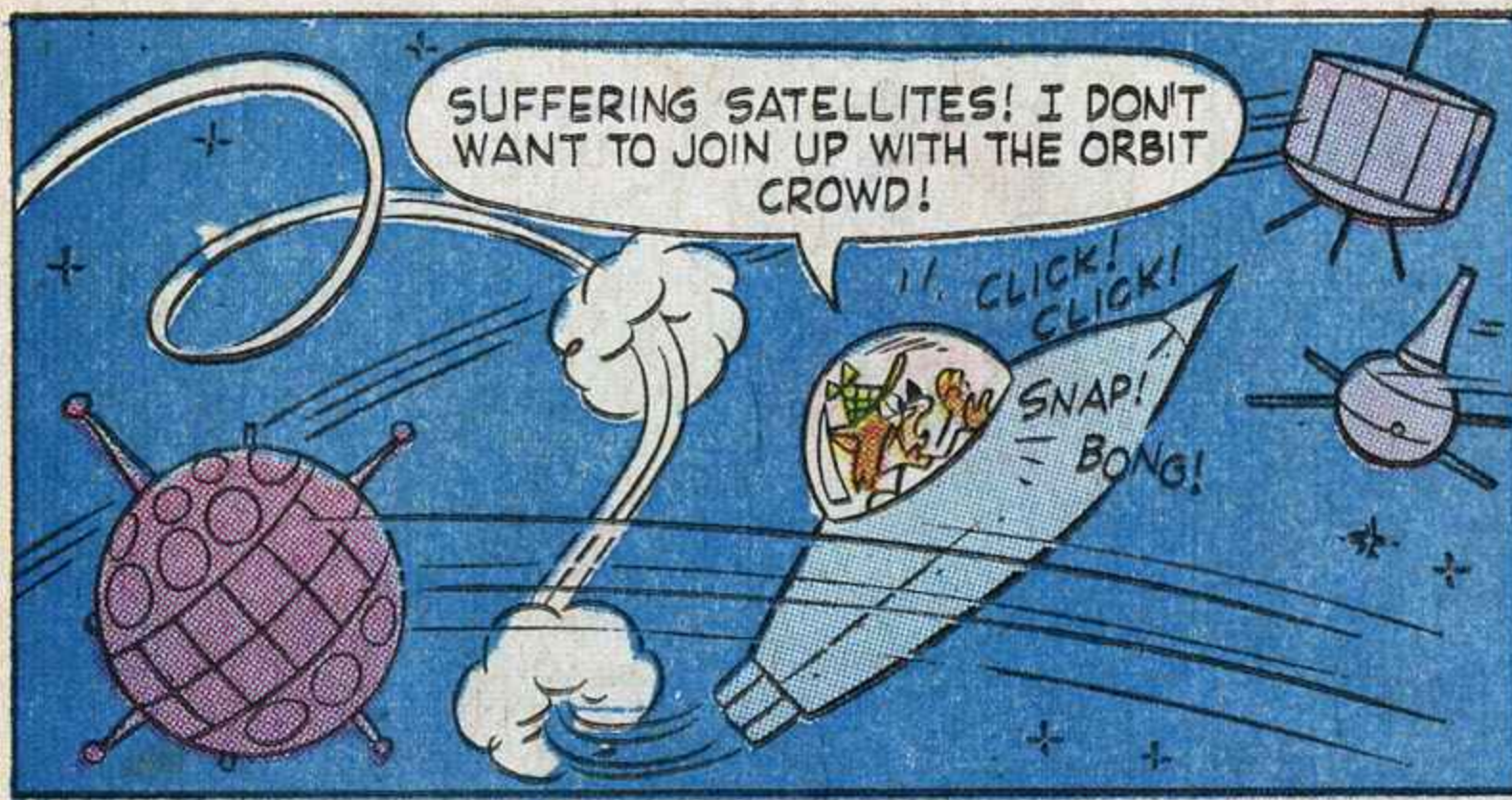




BUT AFTER A FEW HOURS...





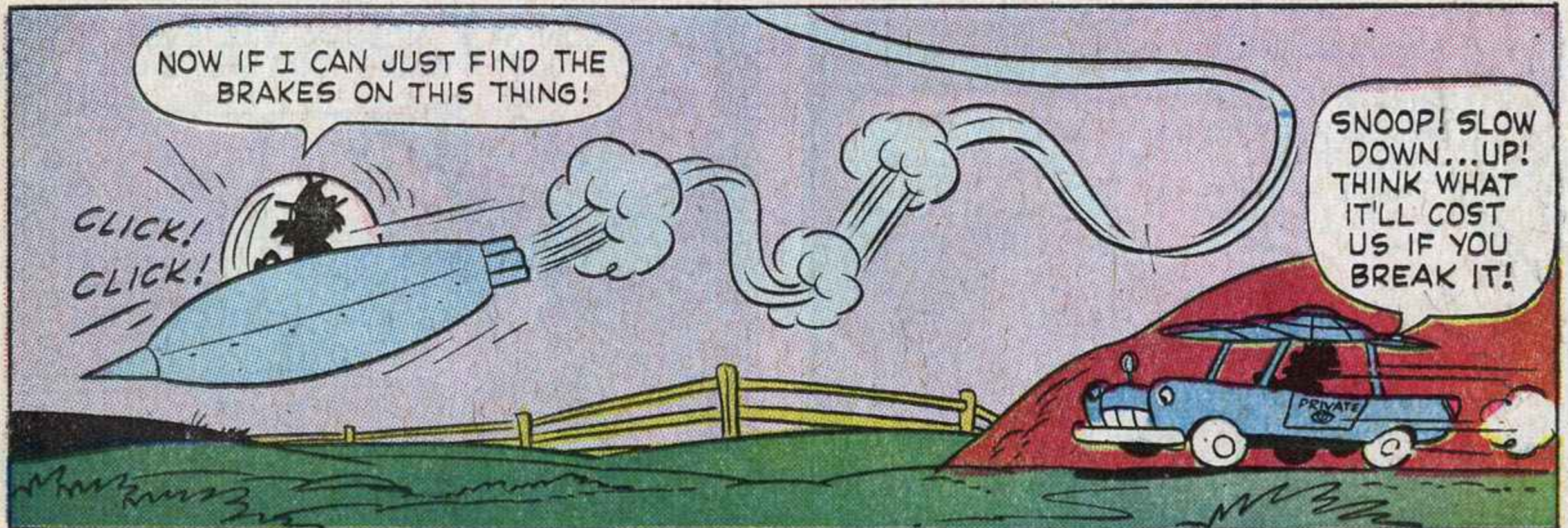


SUFFERING SATELLITES! I DON'T WANT TO JOIN UP WITH THE ORBIT CROWD!

CLICK! CLICK!  
SNAP! BONG!



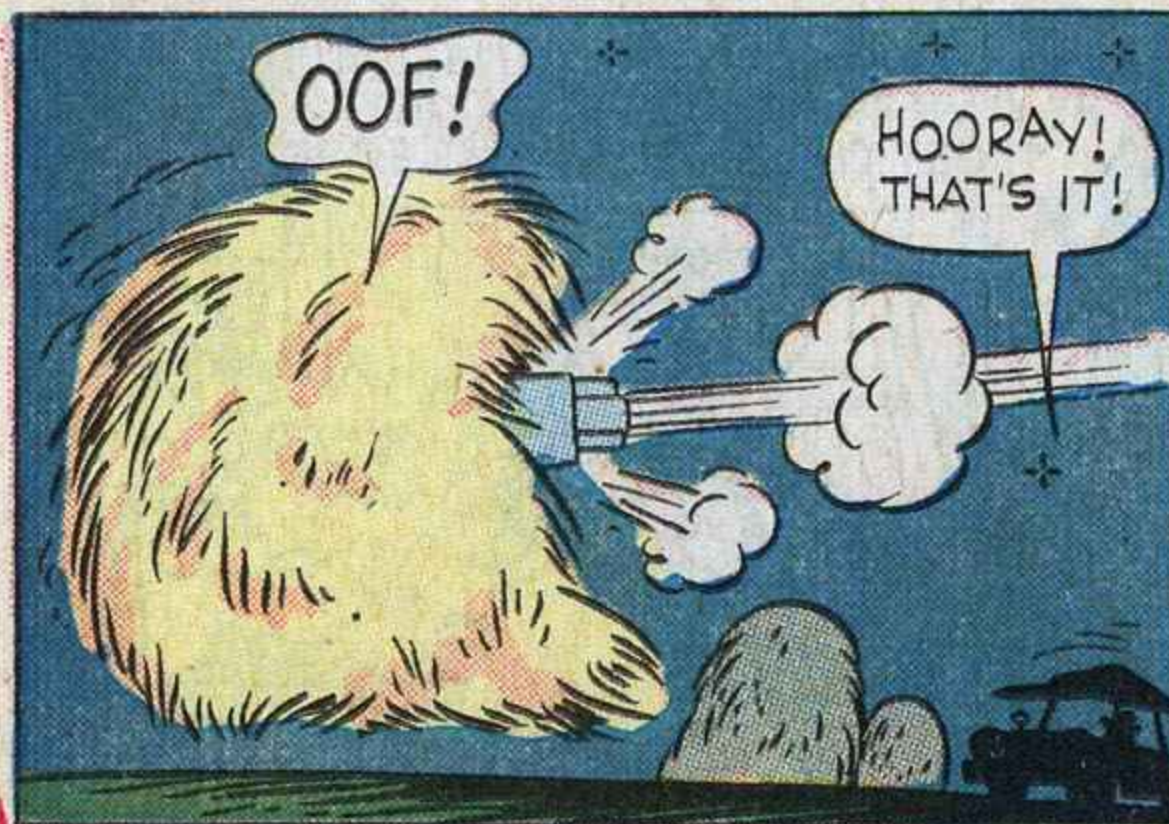
AH...I'M HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, AT LEAST...I HOPE!



NOW IF I CAN JUST FIND THE BRAKES ON THIS THING!

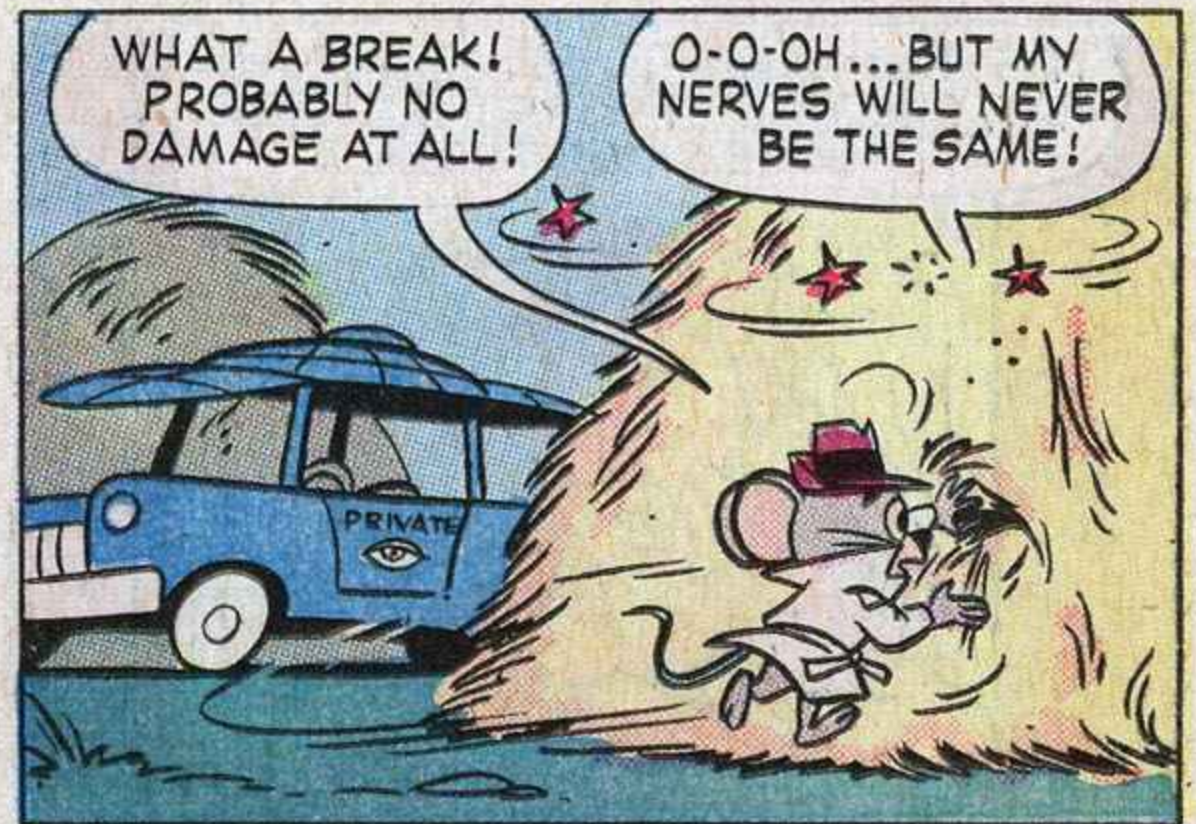
CLICK! CLICK!

SNOOP! SLOW DOWN...UP! THINK WHAT IT'LL COST US IF YOU BREAK IT!



OOF!

HOORAY! THAT'S IT!



WHAT A BREAK! PROBABLY NO DAMAGE AT ALL!

O-O-OH...BUT MY NERVES WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!



BUT, NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK WITHOUT ANYONE SEEING IT...OR WE'VE FAILED MISTER RIVERWURST!

HEY, YOU!



WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING OUT HERE, PROWLING AROUND MY HAYSTACK?

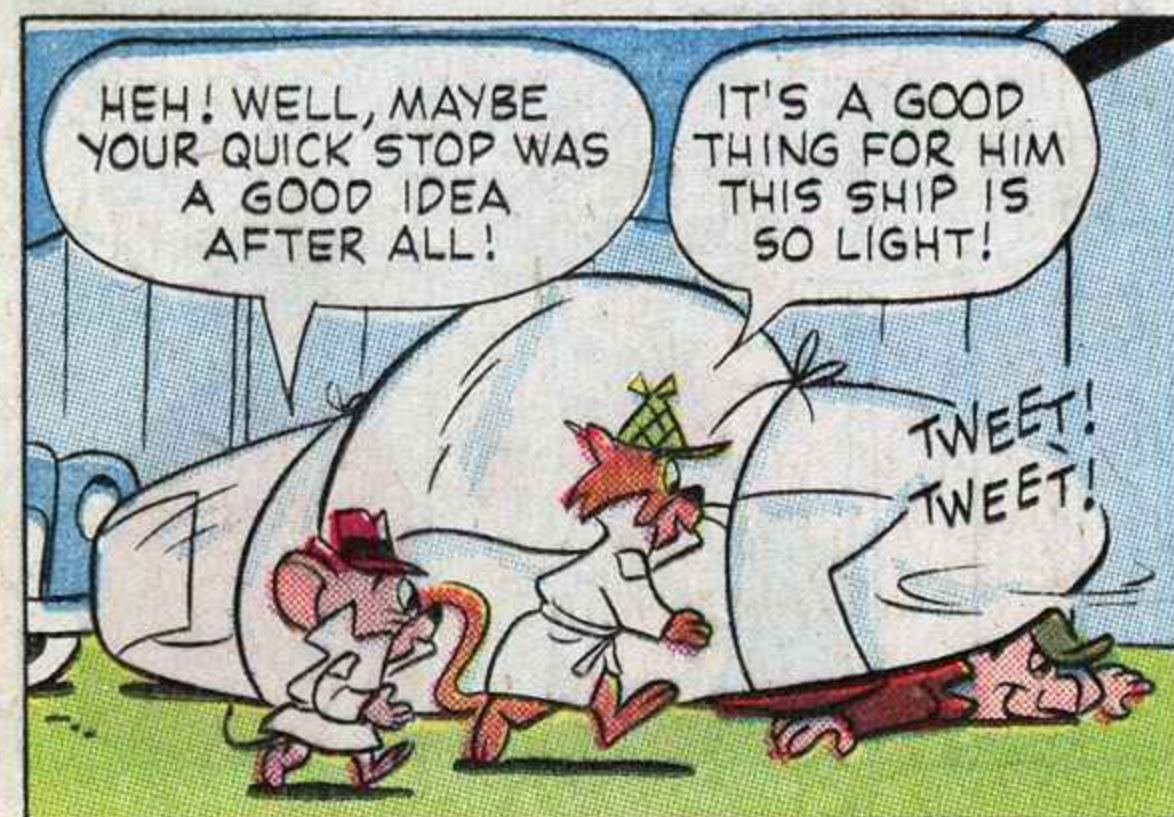
OH...HEH...JUST SAMPLING YOUR HAY, MISTER!

MUNCH! MUNCH!







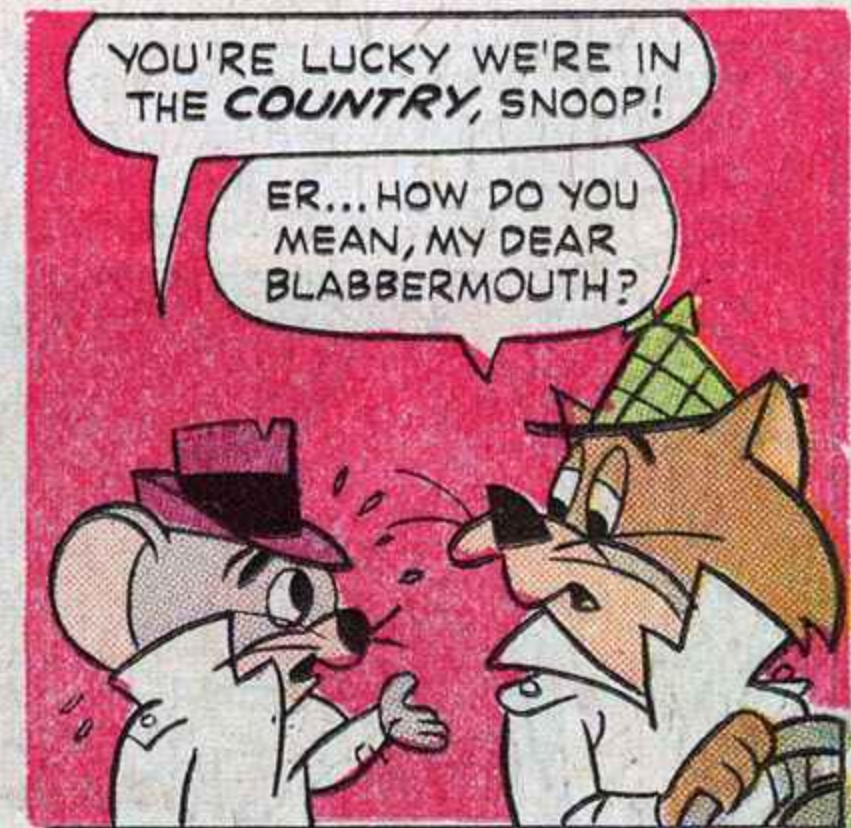
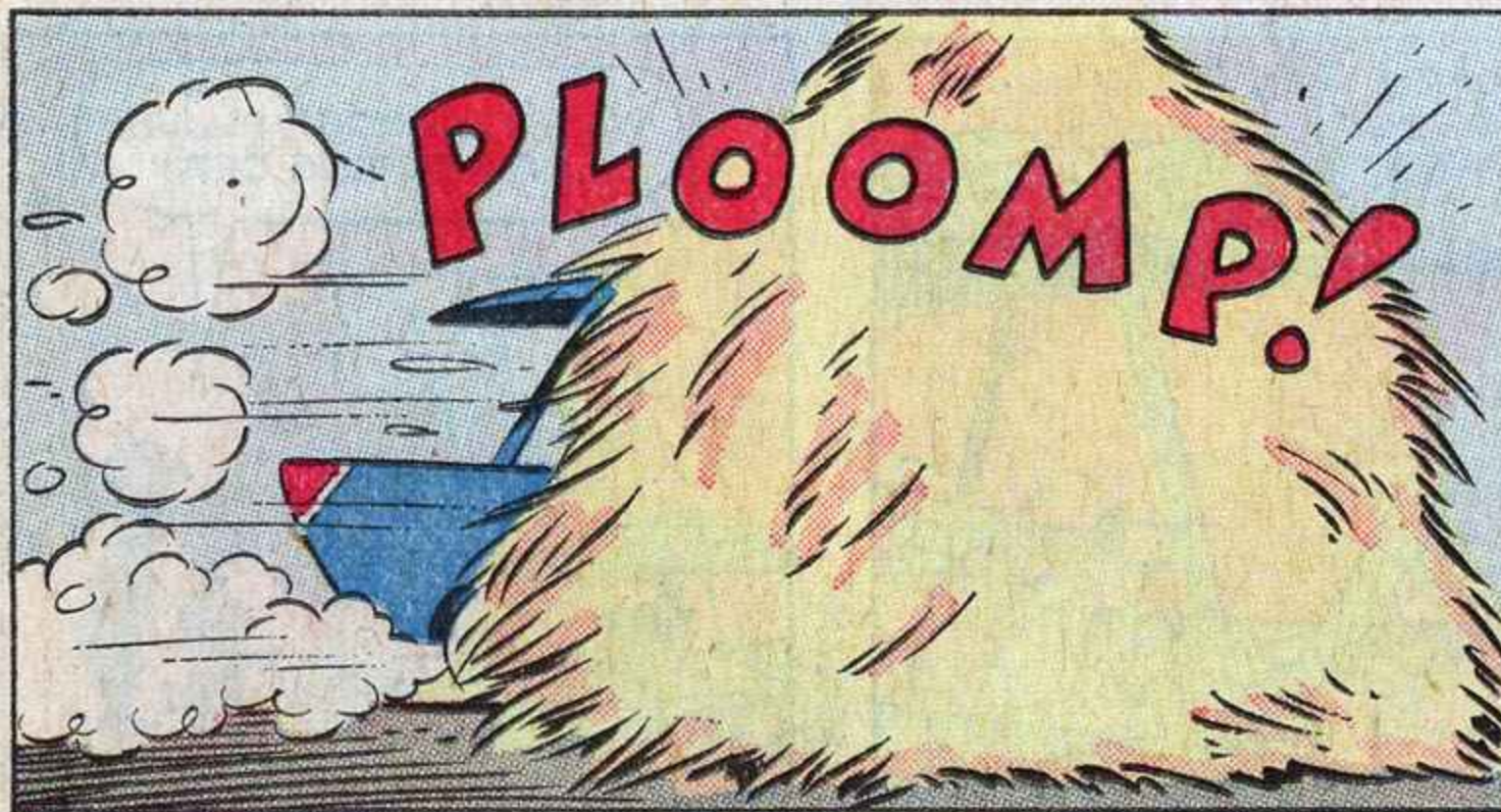
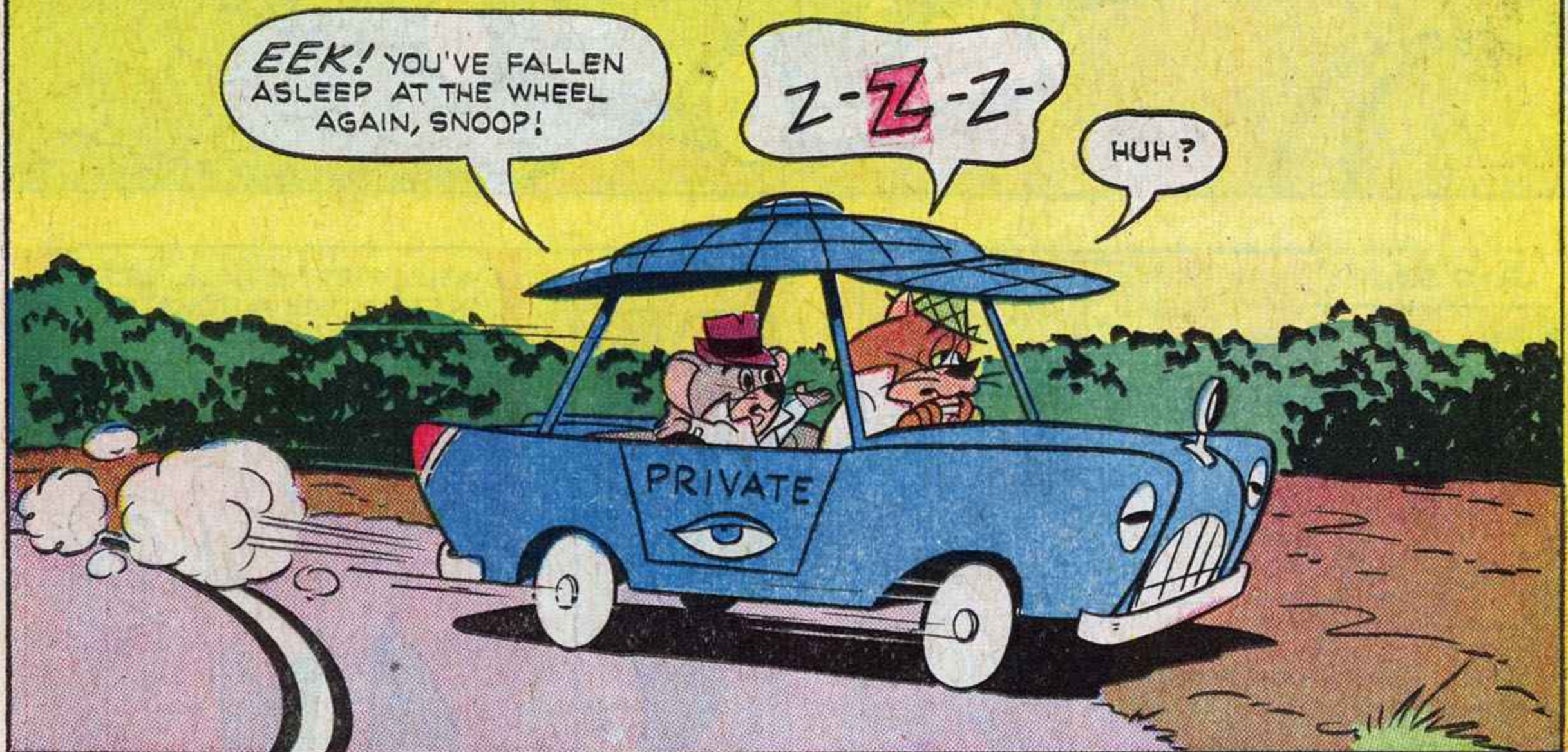




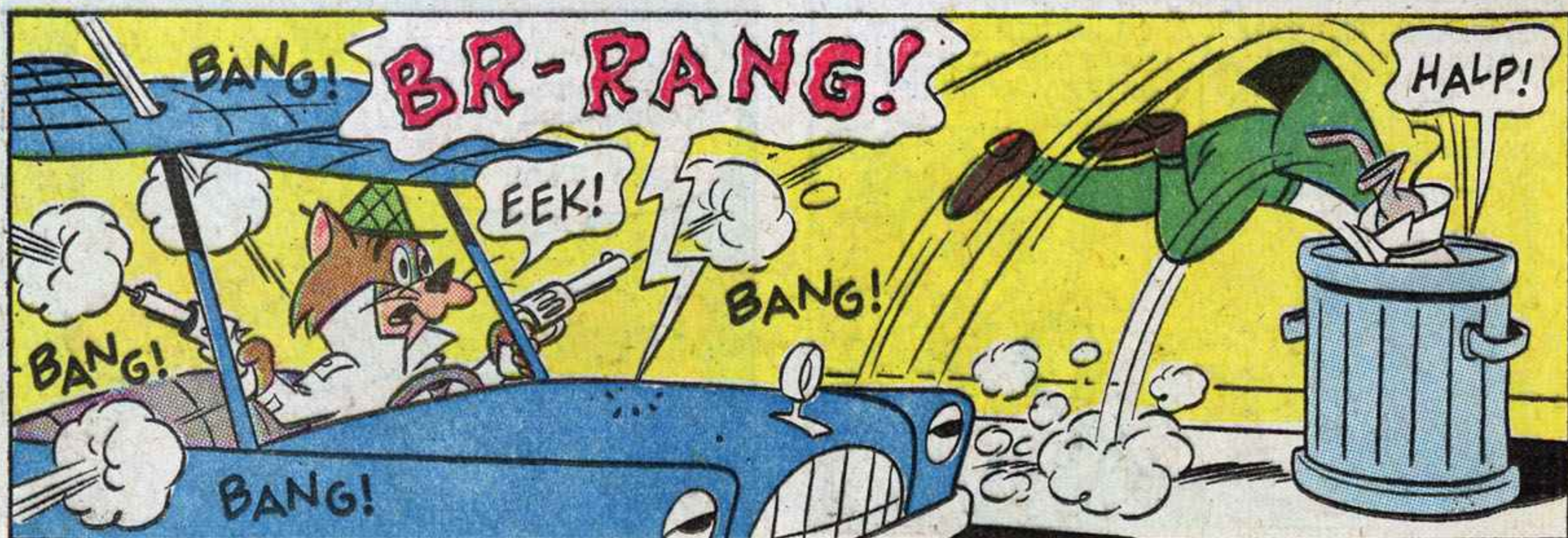
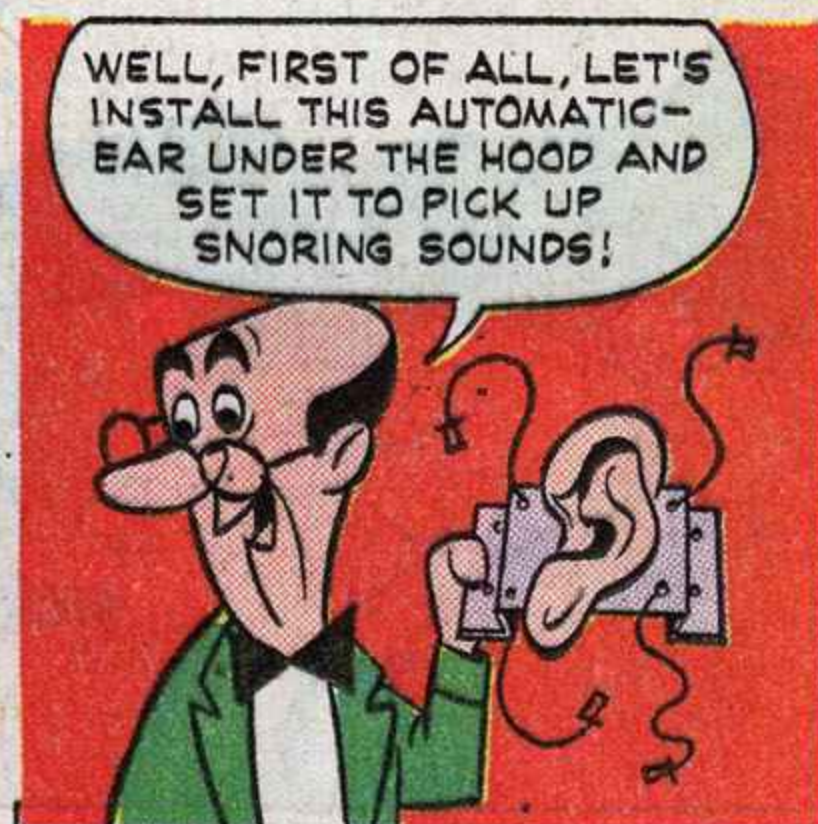
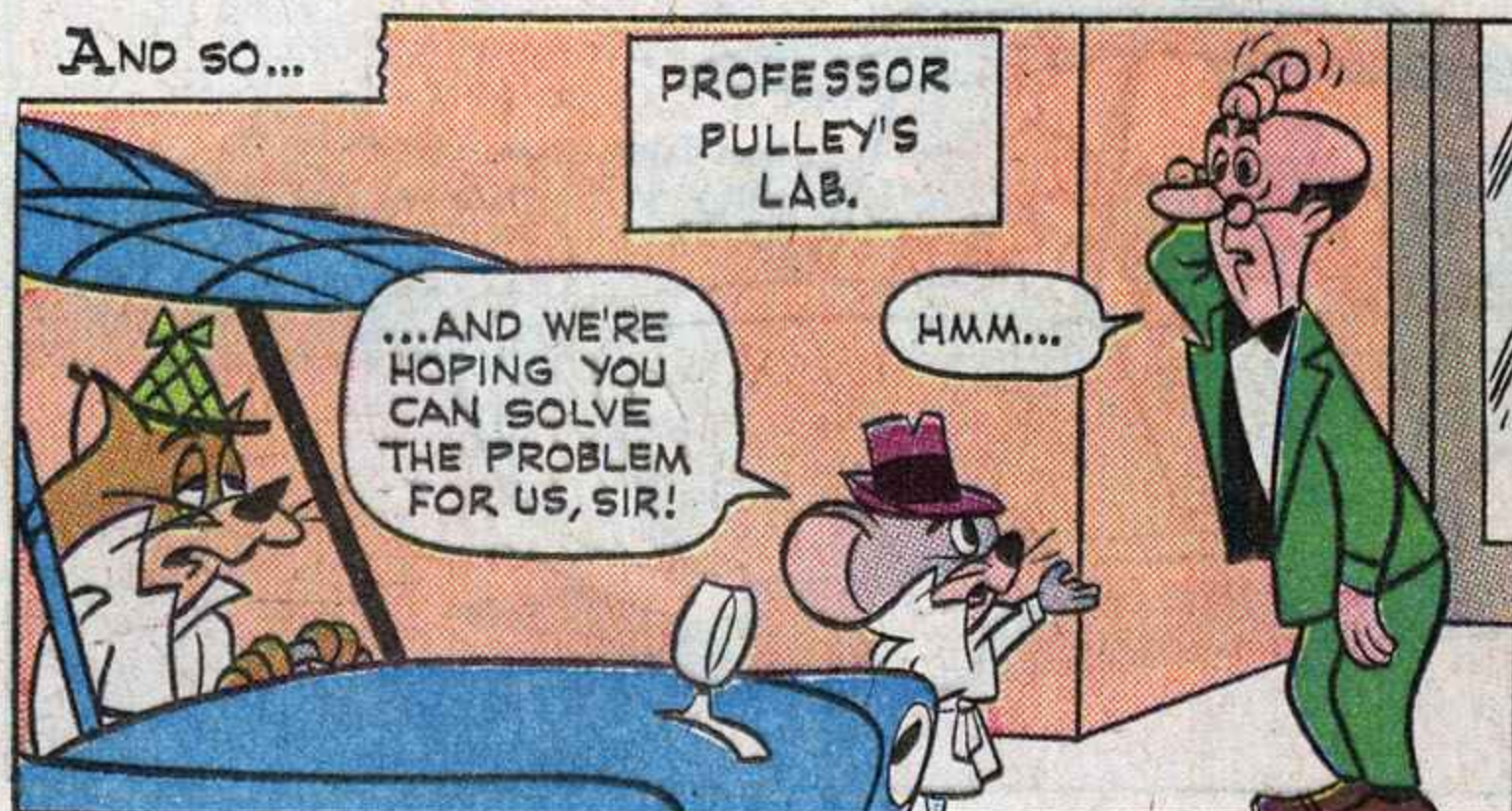




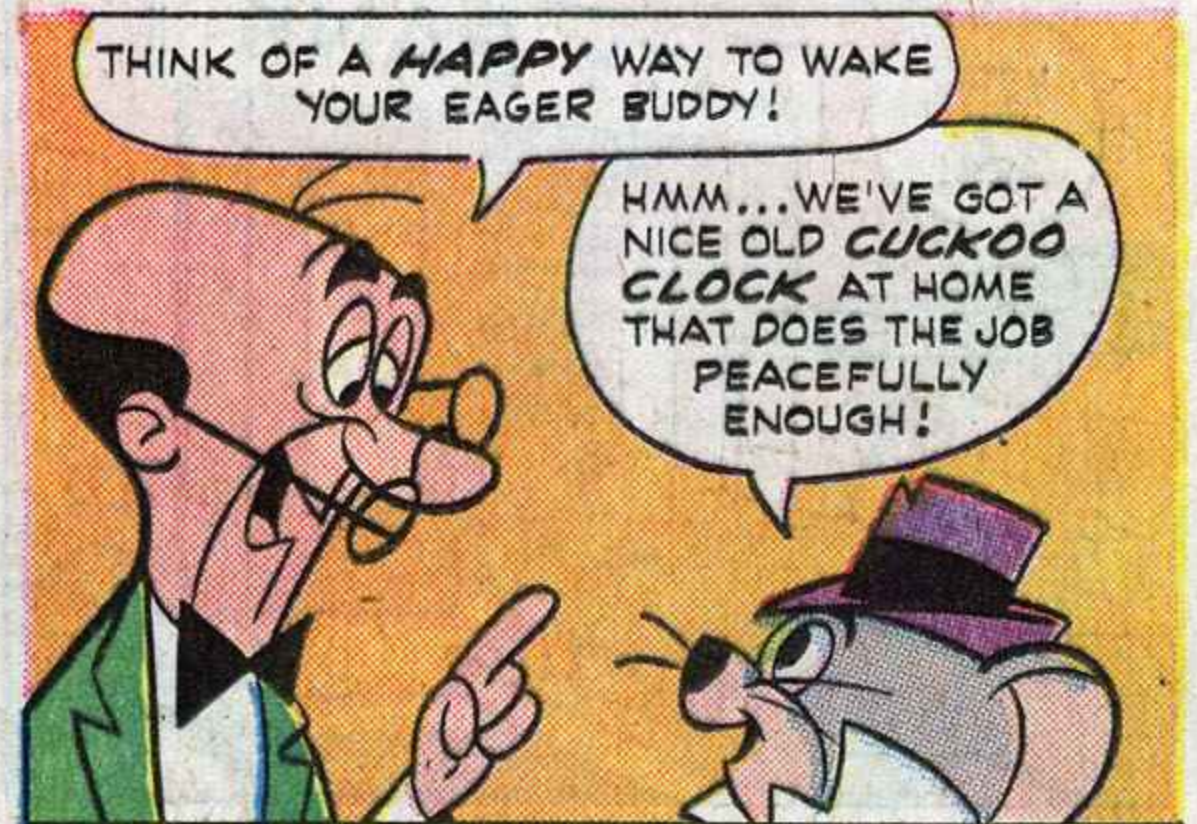
Hanna-Barbera  
SNOOPER and BLABBER  
**CUCKOO CAR**



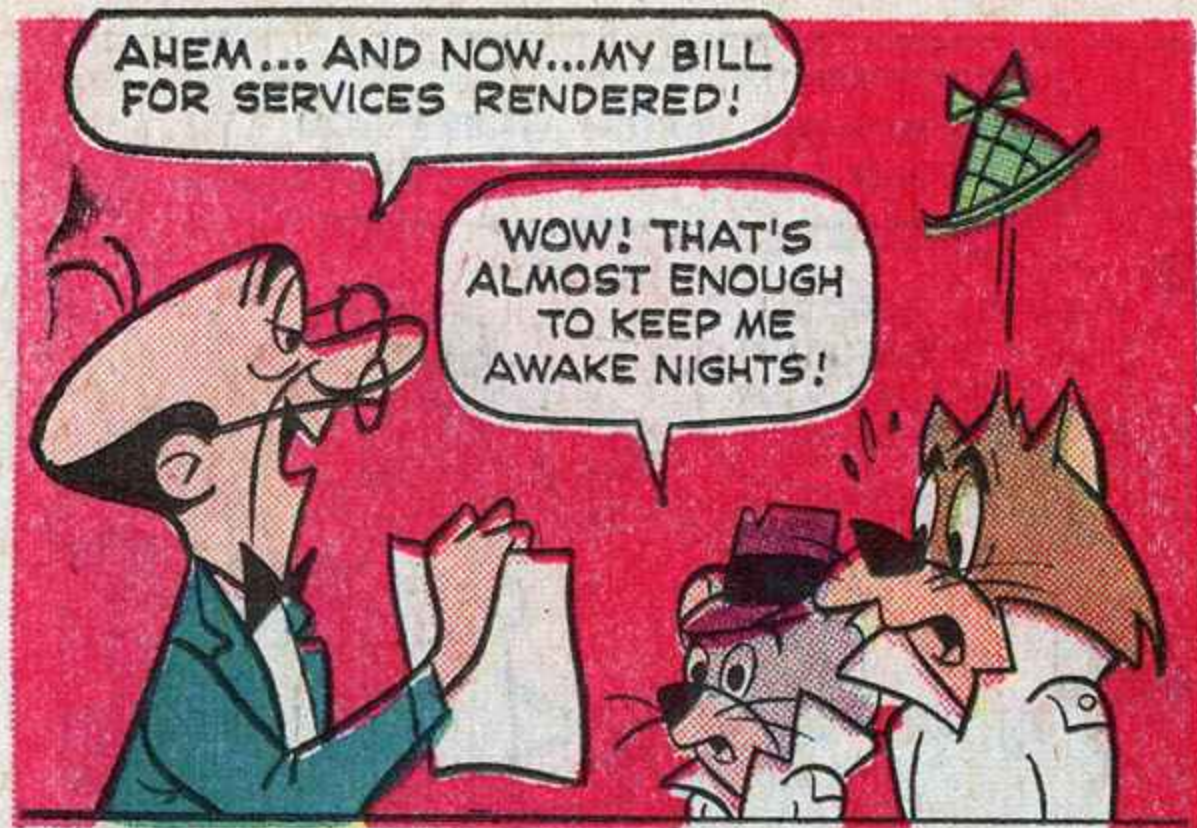




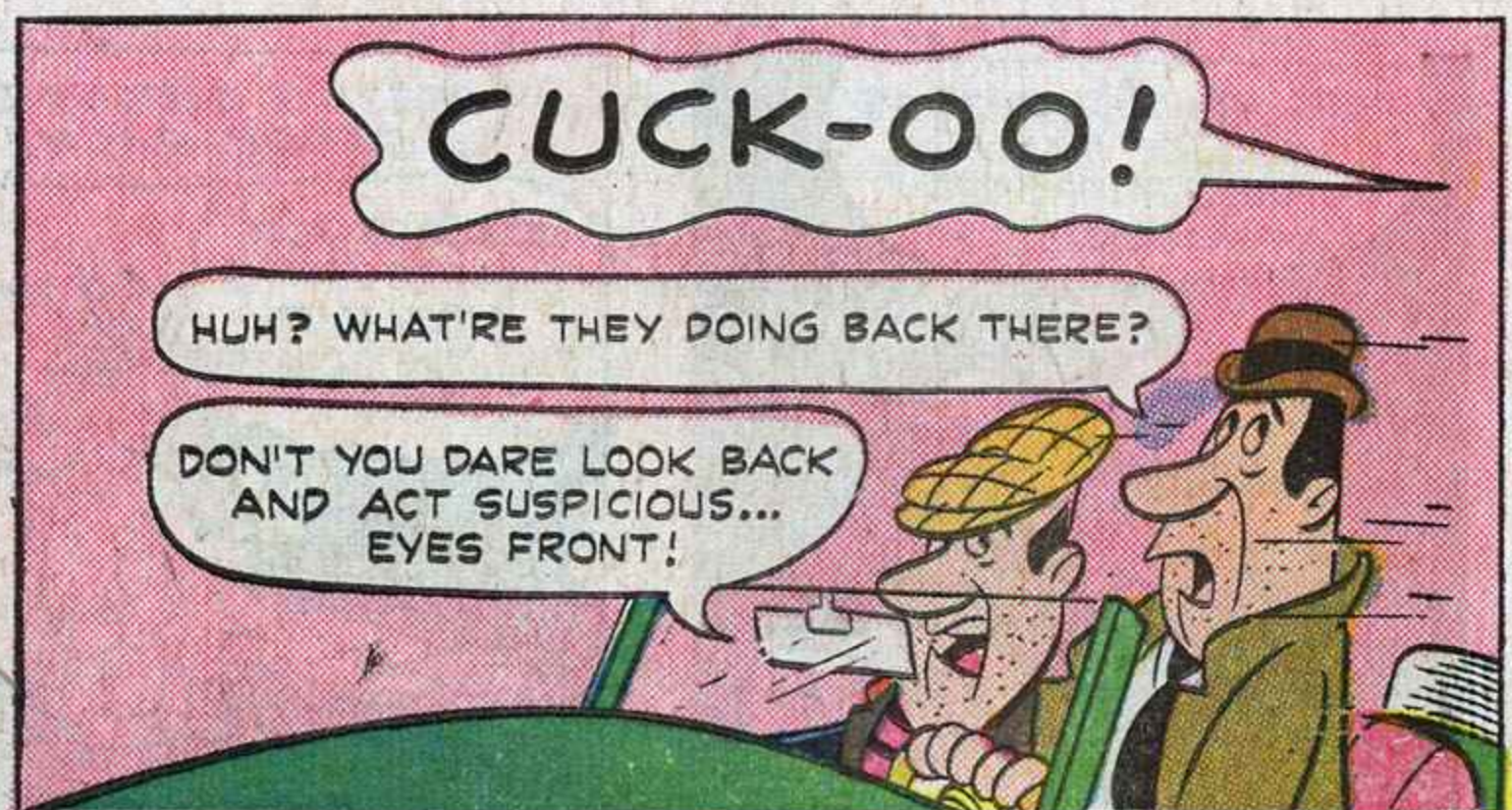
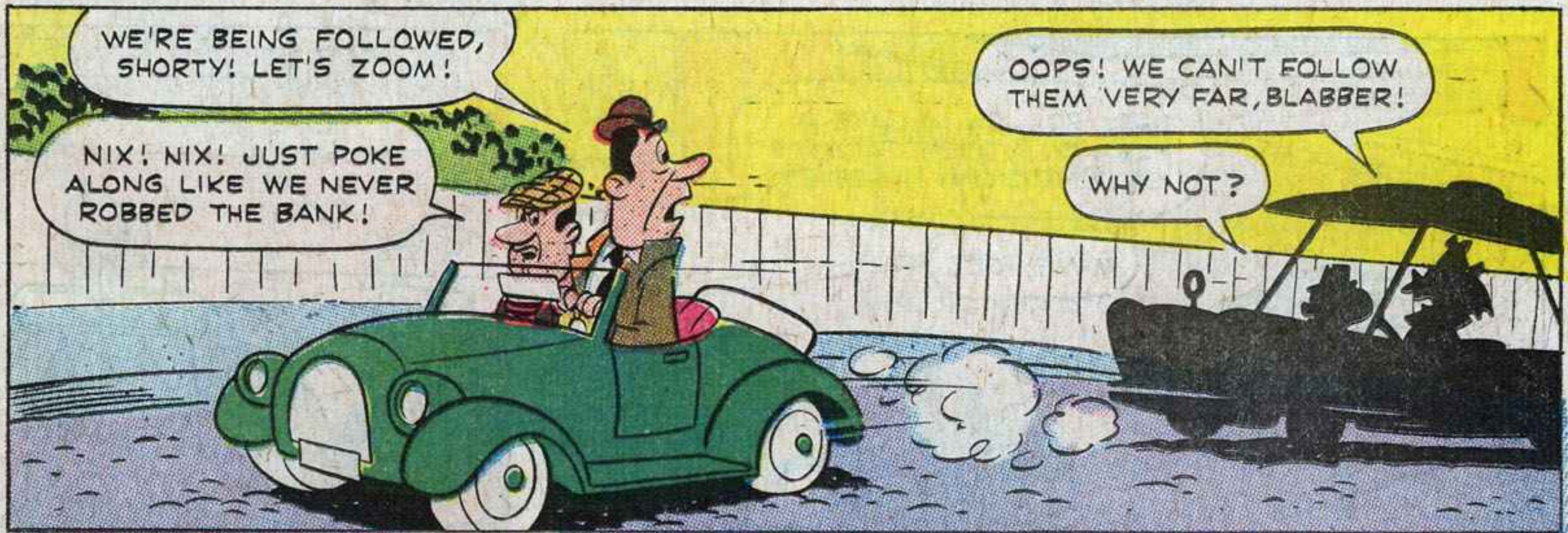




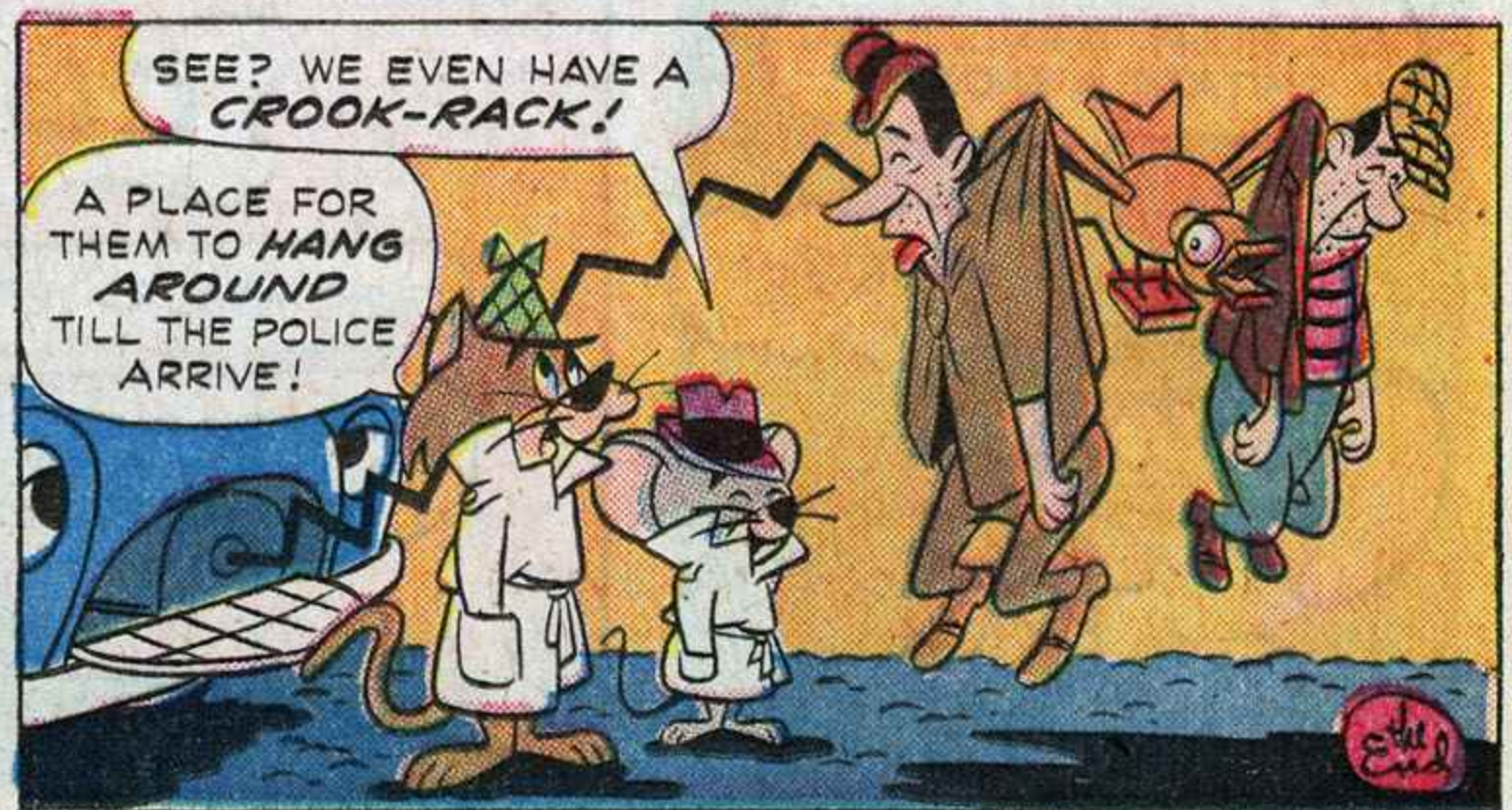
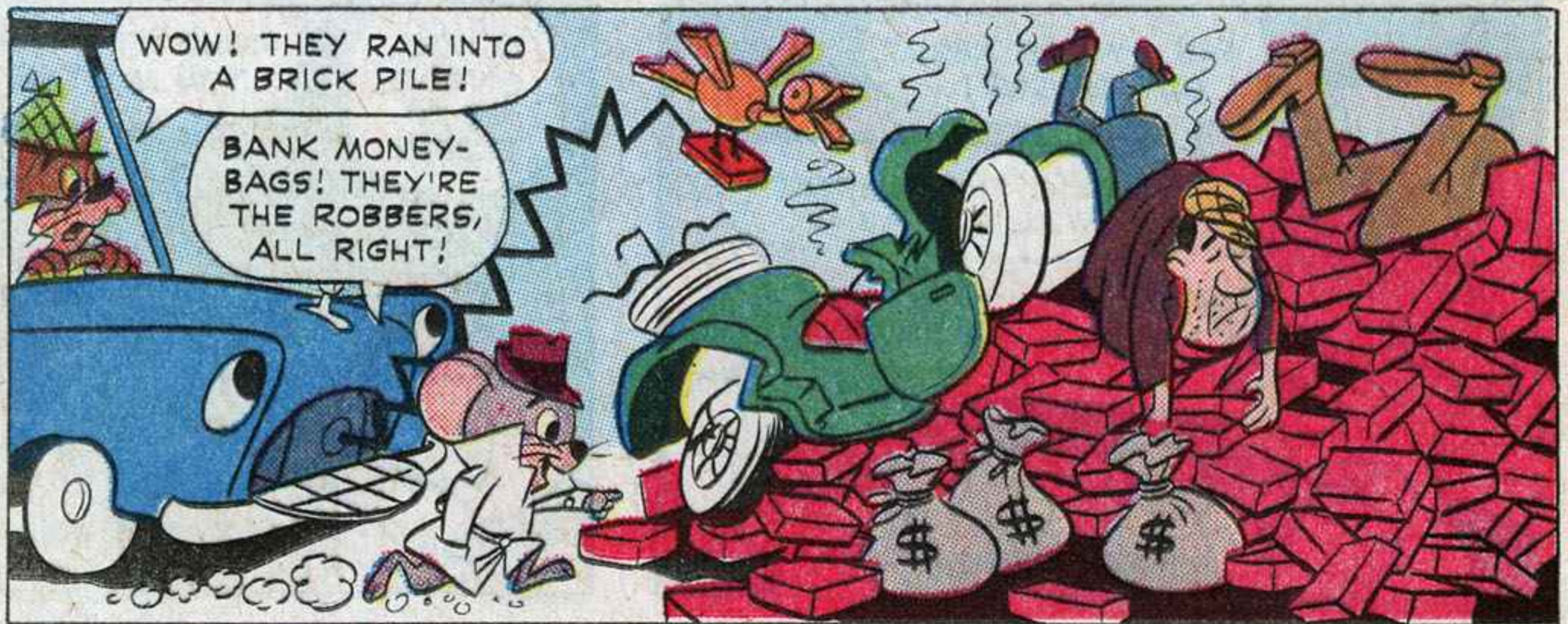
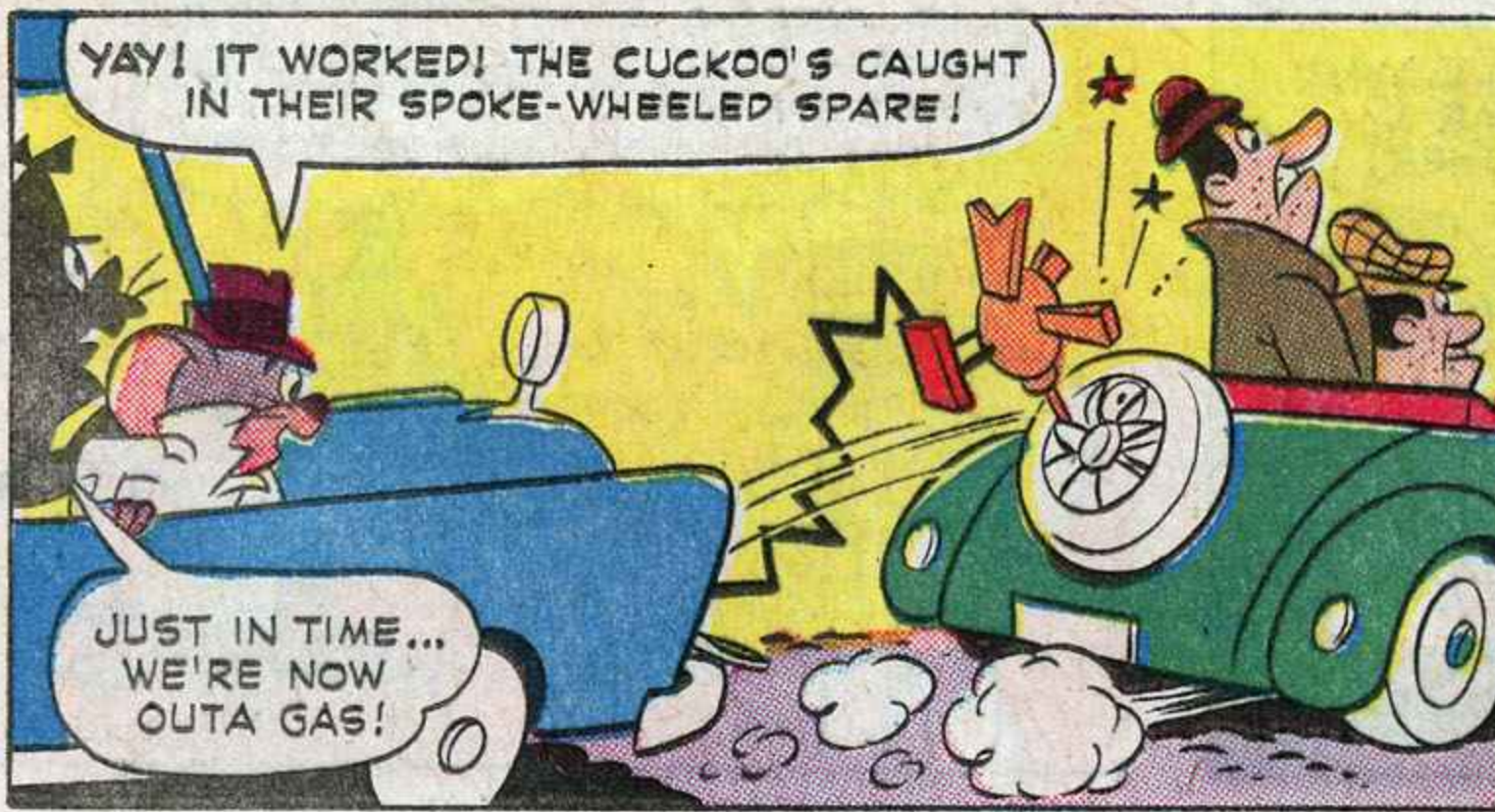














# WARDROBE WORRIES



When the mailman delivered his copy of *THE ACTING DAY*, Snagglepuss read it at once.

"Egad," he thought, "if I don't get a day of acting soon, I'll forget how to eat."

Then, he saw a notice which read, "Small but important role in supercolossal new motion picture. Apply at once."

"I will. I will," shouted Snagglepuss. "I'll show them some supercolossal acting."

As Snagglepuss hurried to get dressed, he told himself, "Gadzooks, my fine fellow, but you do need a new wardrobe. Borrow from your piggy bank and repay it with the money you earn . . . and maybe have enough left for a thick, juicy steak dinner."

So, Snagglepuss set out to buy a new wardrobe, even adding a shiny cane with a silver handle and topping it off with a silk hat.

"Now I look like the fine actor I am," he gloated as he hurried to the studio.

When Snagglepuss was called for his interview, the director looked him over, from the top of his high silk hat to his toes.

"New wardrobe, eh?" the director noted. "Good. The part's yours. Let's get a shot of you right now, walking down the street."

This made Snagglepuss sure that he had been right to buy his fine new clothes. They

would last a long time, too, he figured.

When Snagglepuss completed his scene, the make-up man approached him and looked him over, first from one side and then the other.

"I photograph beautifully," Snagglepuss said to him. "I require no make-up."

"A little something on your face is all you'll need," replied the make-up man.

With that, he proceeded to rub a handful of dirt all over Snagglepuss's face.

Next, the wardrobe man came up to Snagglepuss. He, too, looked him over, first from one side and then the other. Then, he took Snagglepuss's shiny cane with the silver handle and broke it in two. Next, he threw Snagglepuss's high silk hat on the ground and stomped on it. Finally, he ripped one of Snagglepuss's sparkling new cuffs until it hung limply from his wrist, and he cut a long slash in the neat new tie.

When the director walked up to him, Snagglepuss was a mass of sputtering rage.

"Sorry to do this to your new clothes," the director replied sympathetically. "But, you see," he went on to explain, "you play the part of a well-dressed gentleman who is attacked on his way to an important party. I chose you because you looked the part."

Snagglepuss felt proud, but he also saw his vision of a fine steak dinner disappear. Now, he would have to buy another wardrobe.

"Let's get on with the next scene," the director cried. "Lights, camera, action."

Snagglepuss went into action. He walked into a room where other actors were seated around a table, pretending to eat what looked like a mouth-watering dinner but was, in truth, only stage food. Snagglepuss sat down, hungrier than ever at the sight of all the luscious-looking but inedible food.

As a heaping, steaming steak dinner was placed before Snagglepuss, the director called, "Eat." Snagglepuss, always the true actor, gulped back his distaste and ate.

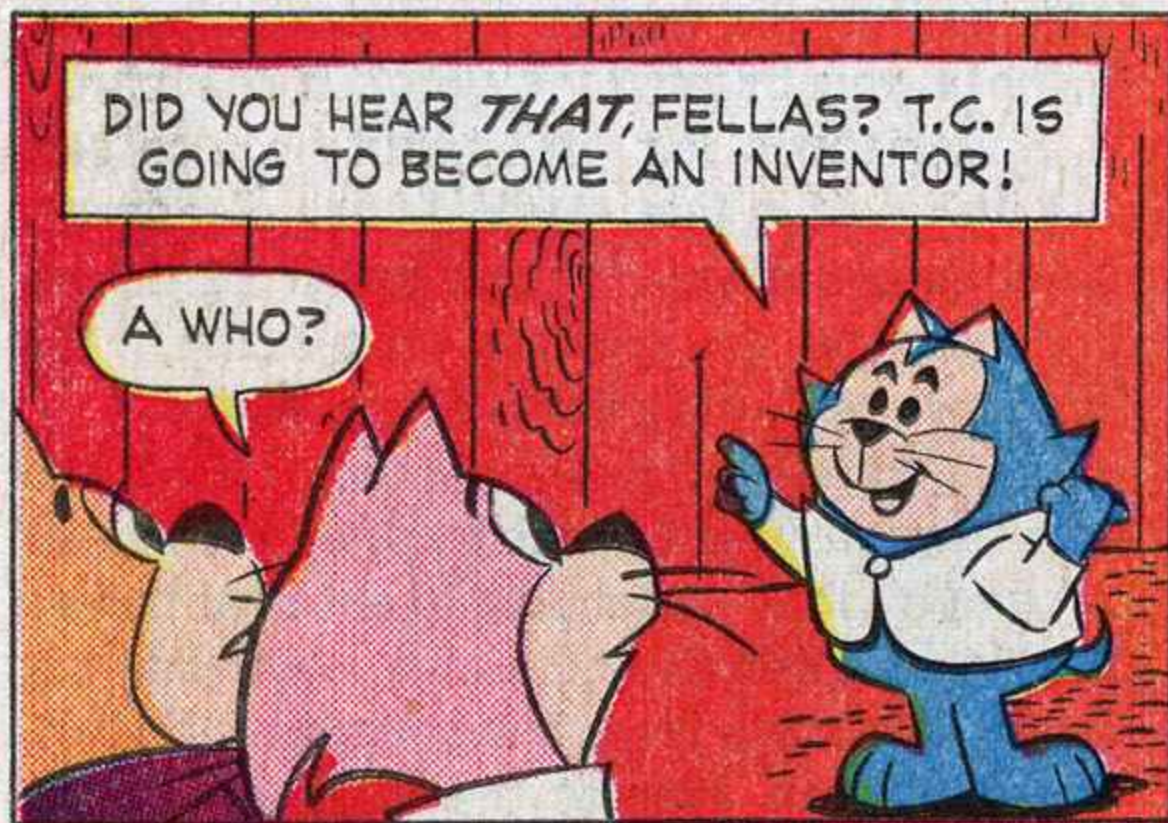
Wonder of wonders. His dinner was real. With the camera centered on him, Snagglepuss gave the finest performance of his life.

When Snagglepuss had cleaned his plate, the director said, "I'd like to film that scene again, before we fit you with a new wardrobe. Do you think you could eat another steak?"

Snagglepuss thought he could. And he did.



# USING HIS BEAN FOR APPLES









JUST THEN...

HA! CAUGHT YOU AGAIN!  
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO  
NOW, T.C.?

STAND BY,  
FELLOWS!  
WITH  
DIBBLE OUT  
OF THE WAY,  
WE WILL  
REALLY  
LIVE IT UP!

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT  
A *BOX FULL OF*  
STOLEN APPLES, NOW!

HEY, WAIT A  
MINUTE! IT'S  
JUST A "JACK  
IN THE BOX!"  
I INVENTED  
IT MYSELF!

WELL...SO IT IS!

SNICKER!

CLICK!

HERE, BOYS... MY MISTAKE!

HEY!

OUCH!

YIPE!

I MEAN,  
MEOW!

OOP!

UG!

SPROING!

AS AN INVENTOR, T.C.,  
YOU DON'T IMPRESS  
ME IN THE *LEAST*!

BUT...YOU SURE MADE AN IMPRESSION  
ON *US* AND THIS TELEPHONE POLE!



AND MANY UNPROFITABLE  
INVENTIONS LATER...

GEE, TOP CAT...  
ALL OF THOSE  
APPLE-  
GETTING  
INVENTIONS...  
AND NONE OF  
THEM WORK!

YEA!

YEAH! NOW  
IF I COULD  
JUST THINK  
OF AN  
INVENTION  
TO MAKE  
MY OTHER  
INVENTIONS  
WORK!

SAY... THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT IT... I'LL  
INVENT SOMETHING THAT *WILL* MAKE  
MY *OTHER* INVENTIONS PAY OFF!

LATER...

HA! I CAUGHT YOU AGAIN!  
DROP THOSE APPLES!

NOT SO  
FAST, OFFICER  
DIBBLE!

WE ARE  
PURCHASING  
THESE  
APPLES WITH  
LEGAL-TYPE  
MONEY...

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE  
INVENTED A *MONEY*  
MACHINE! THAT WOULD  
BE *COUNTERFEITING*!

NO! YOU SEE, OFFICER DIBBLE, T.C.  
INVENTED SOMETHING THAT MADE  
ALL OF HIS INVENTIONS PAY OFF...  
IN *CASH*!

I'D LIKE TO  
*SEE THAT*  
INVENTION!

SAY NO MORE!  
HERE IT IS,  
DIBBLE!

WHY, THAT'S NOTHING  
BUT AN OLD TRASH CAN  
ON WHEELS!

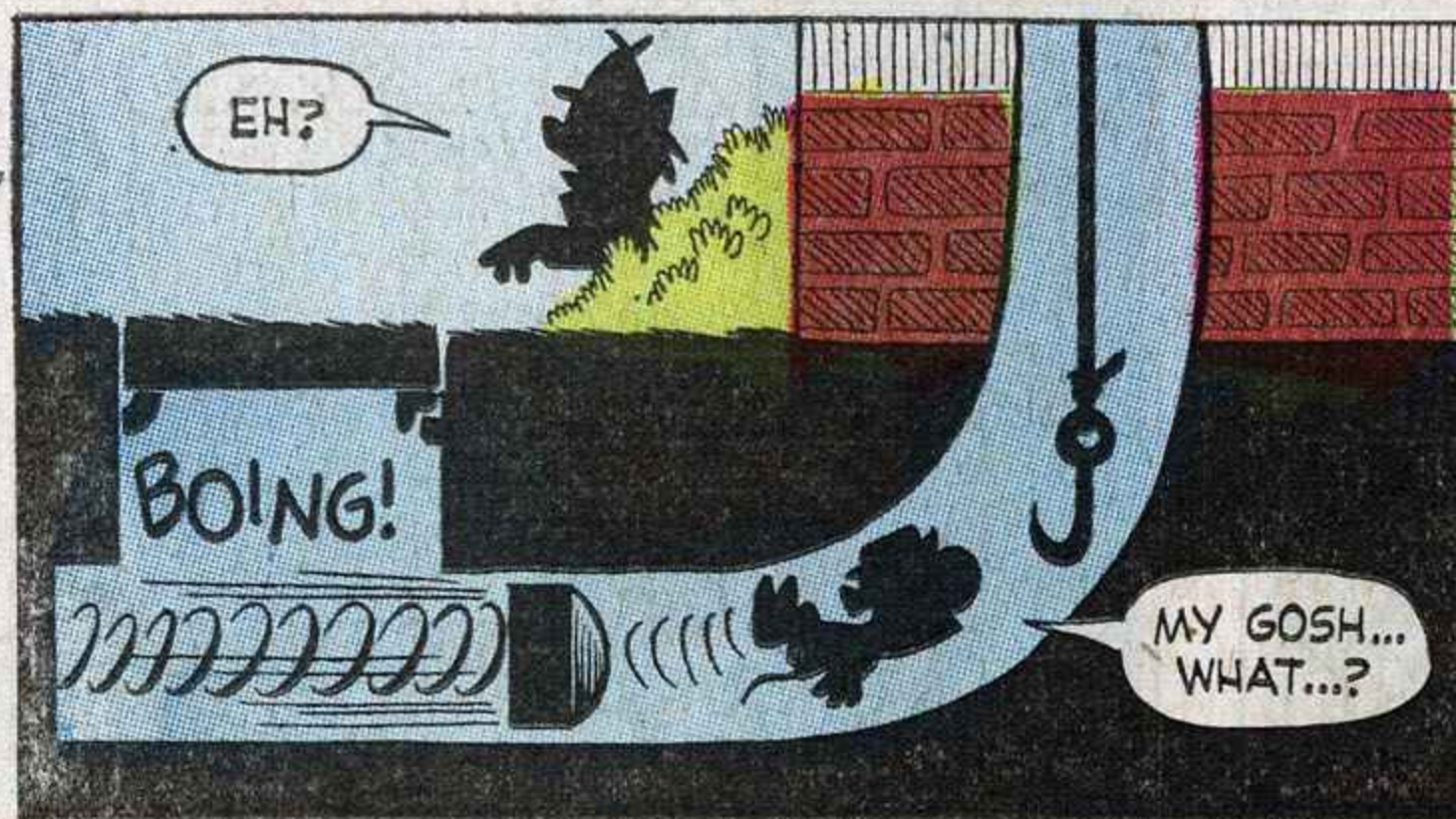
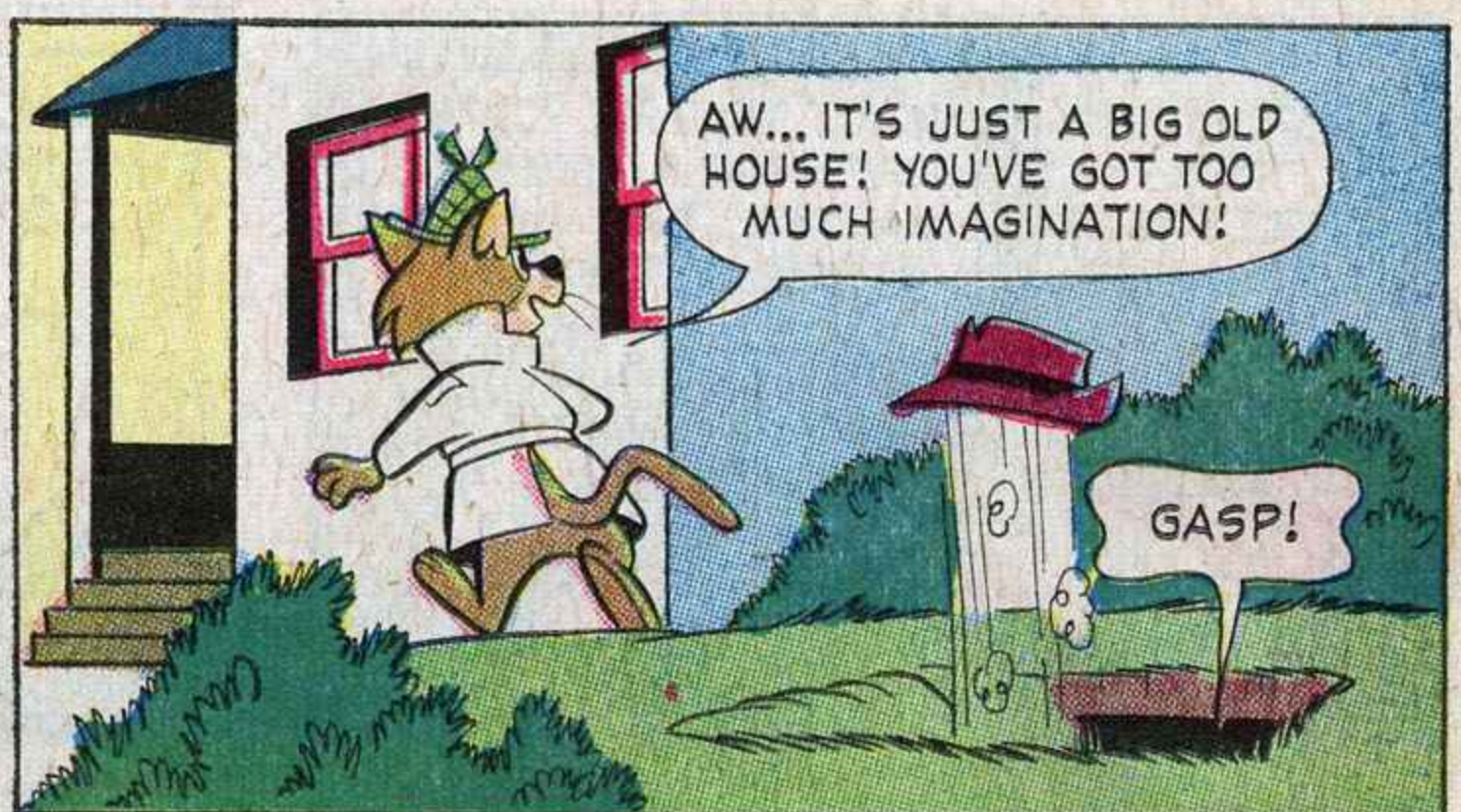
OF COURSE... HOW ELSE  
DO YOU THINK WE GOT  
ALL THAT JUNK TO  
TONY'S JUNK YARD?

TONY'S  
JUNK  
YARD

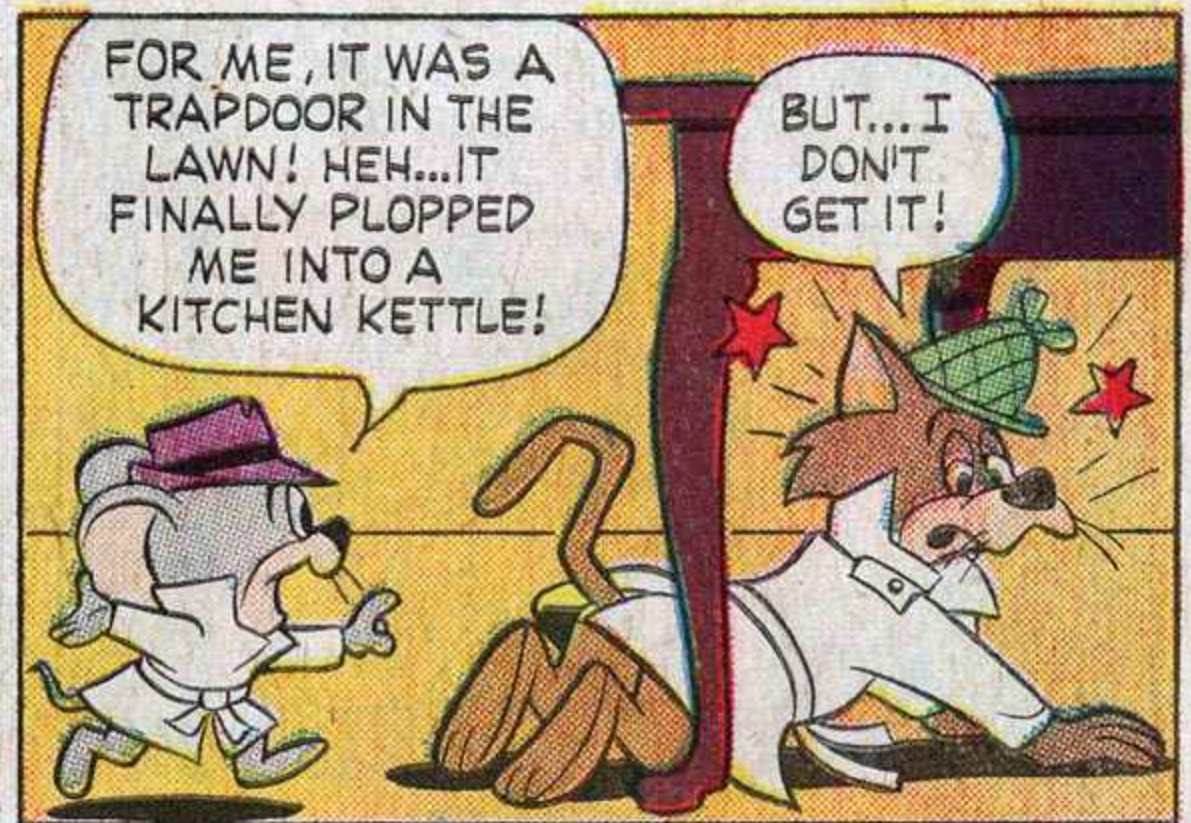
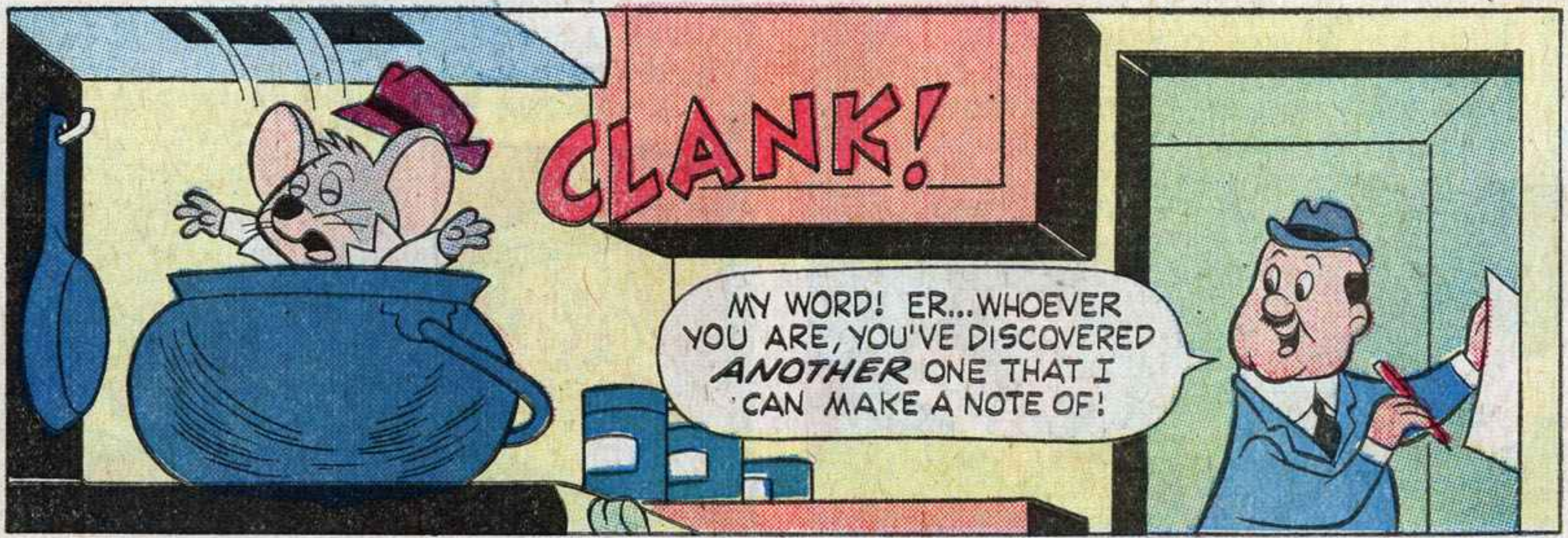
CASH  
FOR  
JUNK

THE  
END

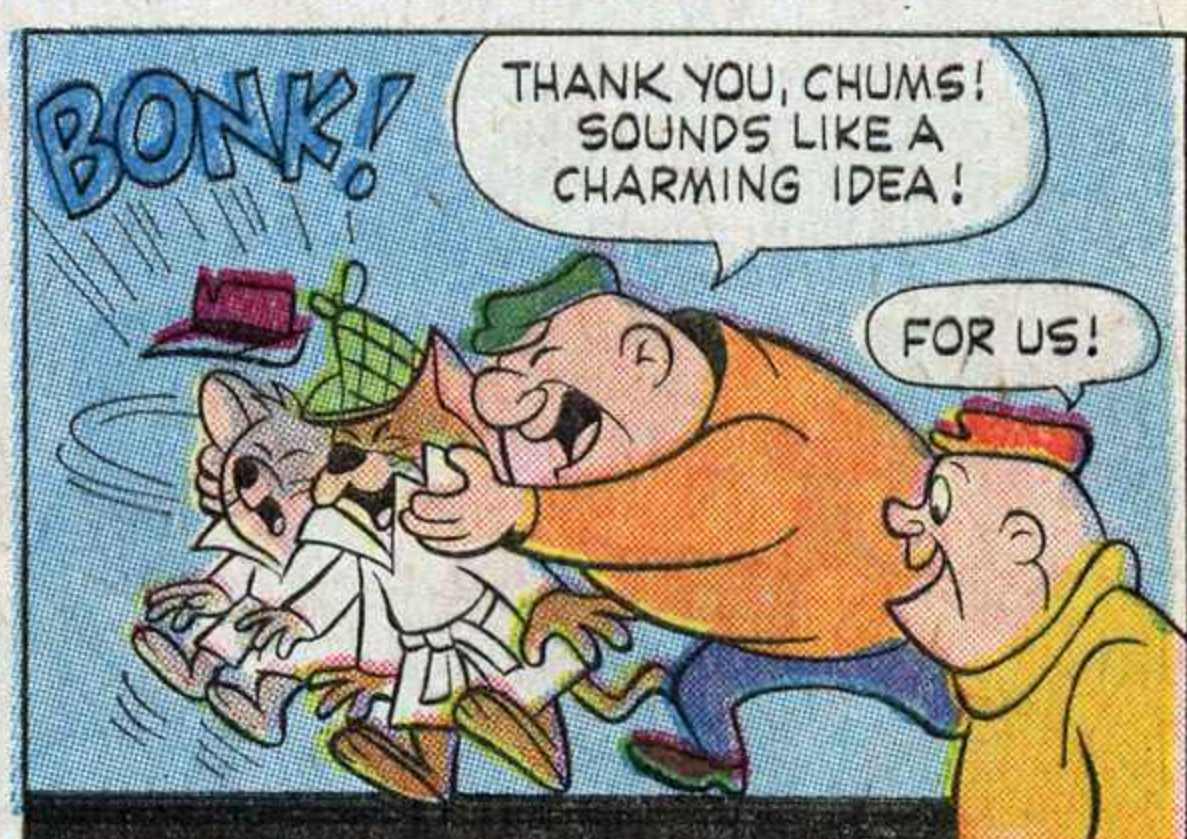




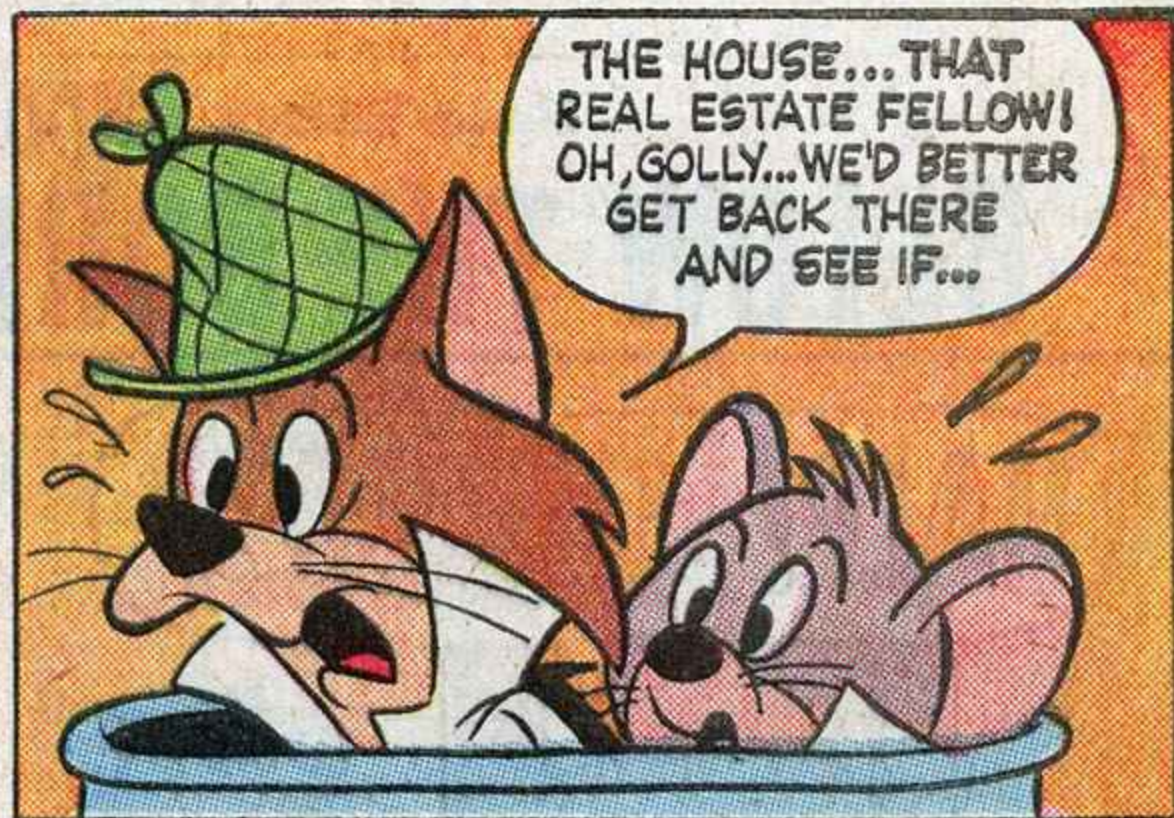








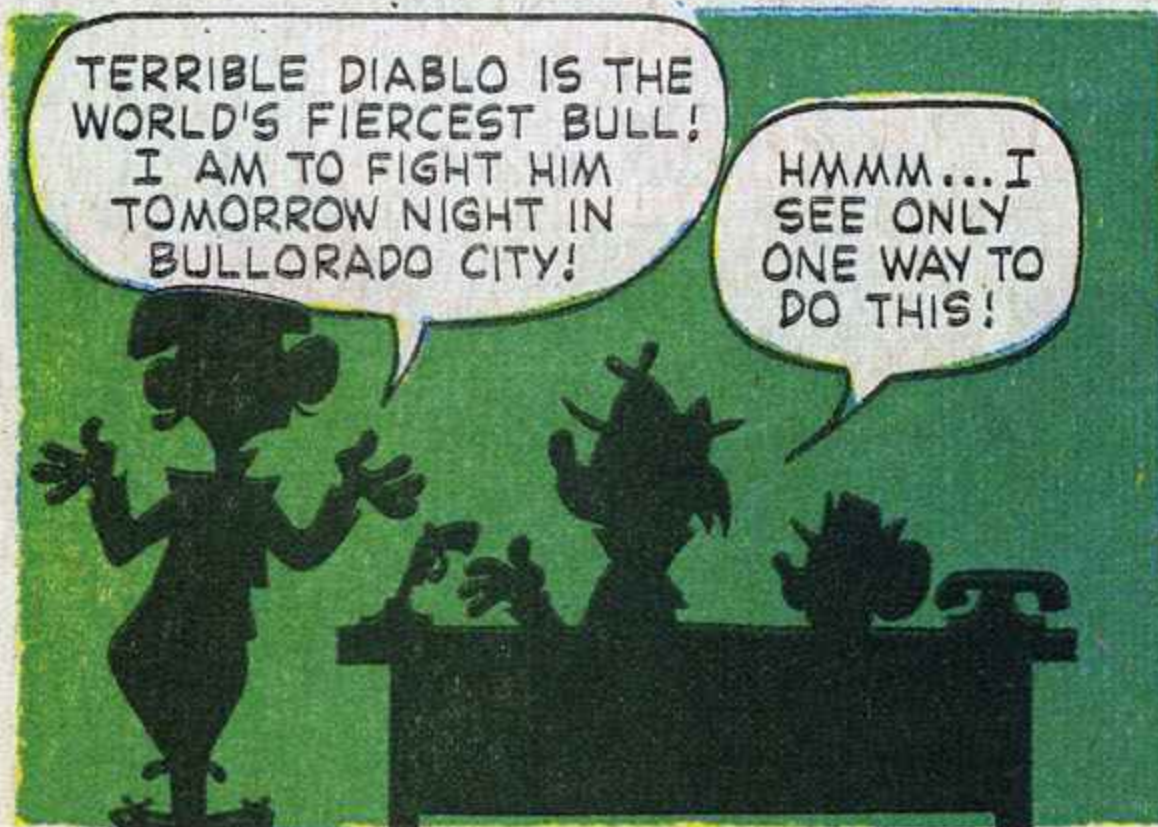
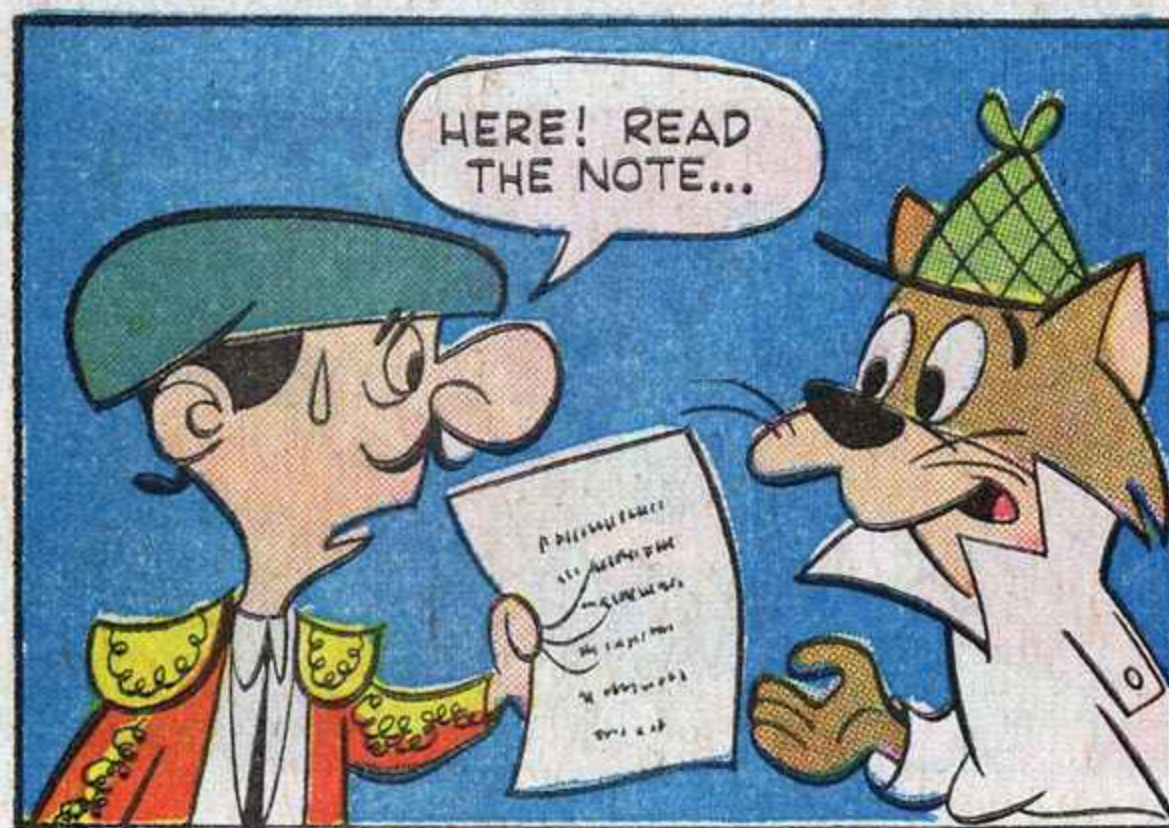
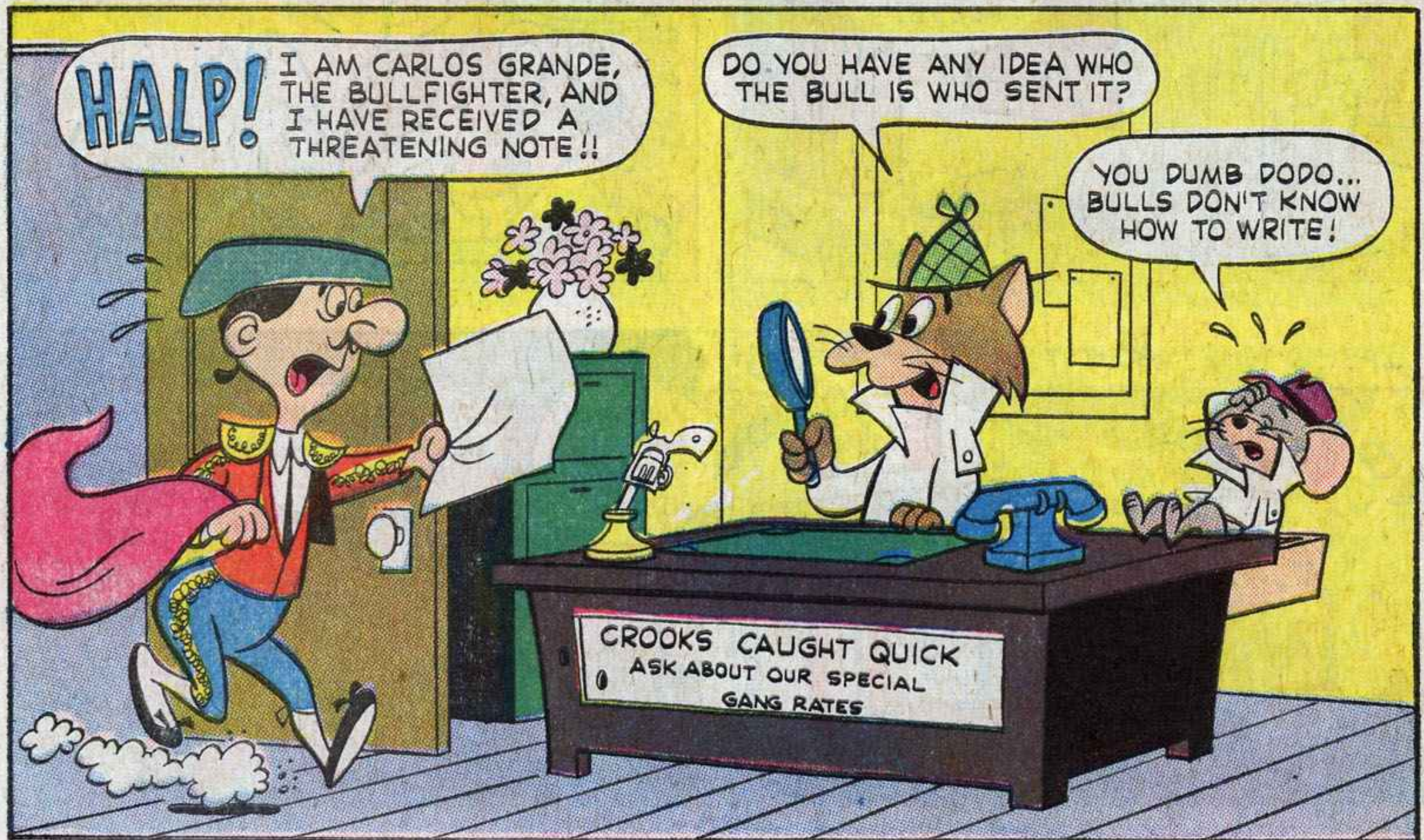






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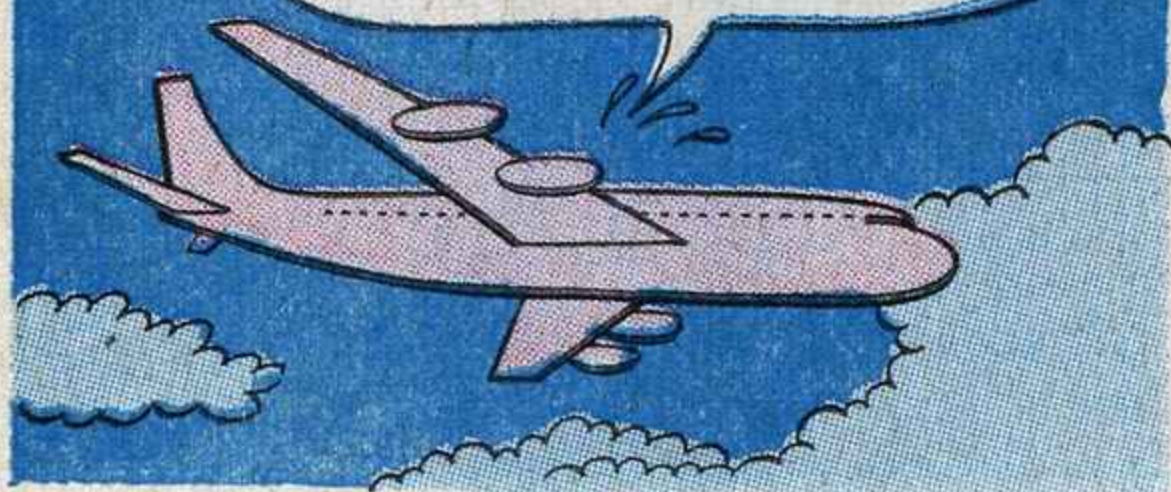
# BELOW THE BORDER BODYGUARDS





AND, OFF TO BULLORADO CITY...

(GASP!) I NEVER THOUGHT ONE COULD FEEL SO CRAMPED ON SO BEEG AN AIRPLANE!



SORRY, CARLOS, BUT WHEN WE ACCEPT A BODYGUARD JOB, WE STICK CLOSER TO OUR CLIENT THAN TATTOOS!

NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU...MUCH!



AND SHORTLY...

AH-H, MY FIANCÉE MARIA TORTILLA!

RELAX! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!

CARLOS!



NOBODY GETS NEAR CARLOS TILL AFTER THE BIG FIGHT, MISS!

ICK!

SMACK!



AND SO IT CONTINUES...

PUT ALL THREE DINNERS ON ONE PLATE, AMIGO! WE ARE A CLOSE-KNIT GROUP!



ONE ROOM WITH ONE BED, PLEASE!

AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO WALK!



THEY EVEN SHARE THE NIGHTMARE...



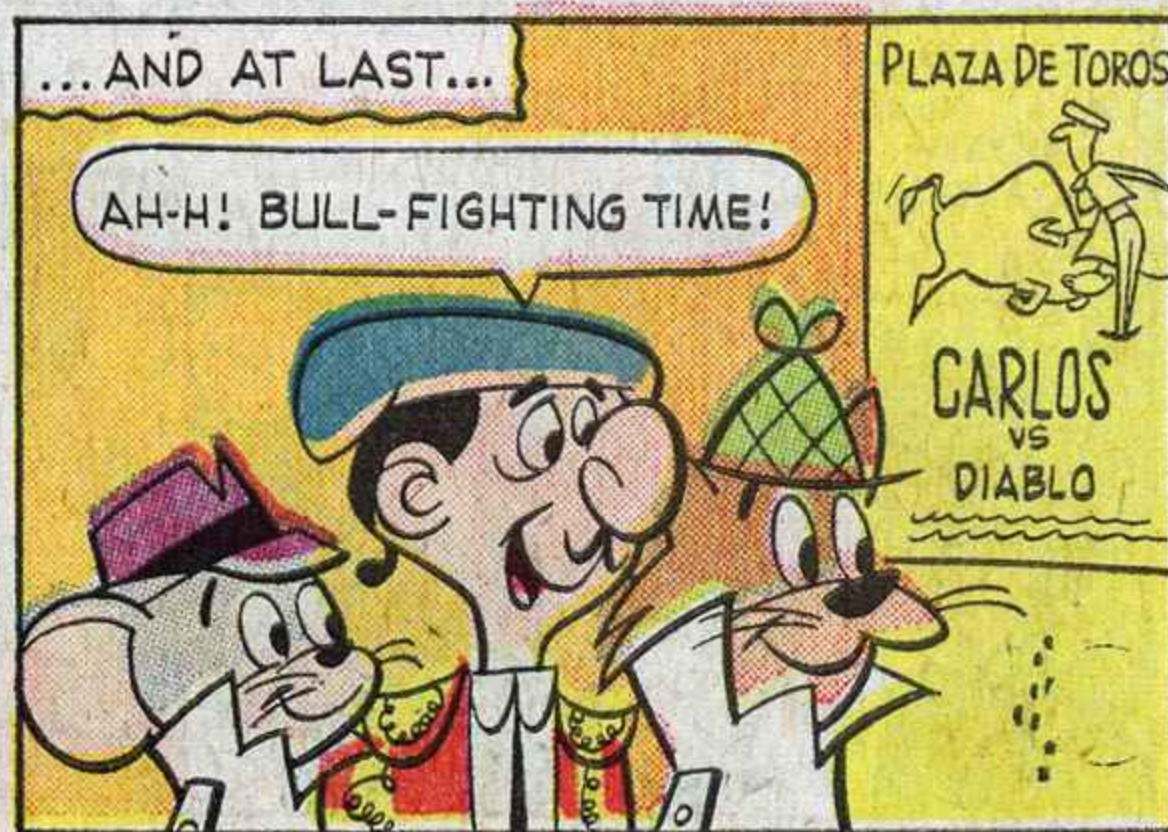
...AND AT LAST...

AH-H! BULL-FIGHTING TIME!

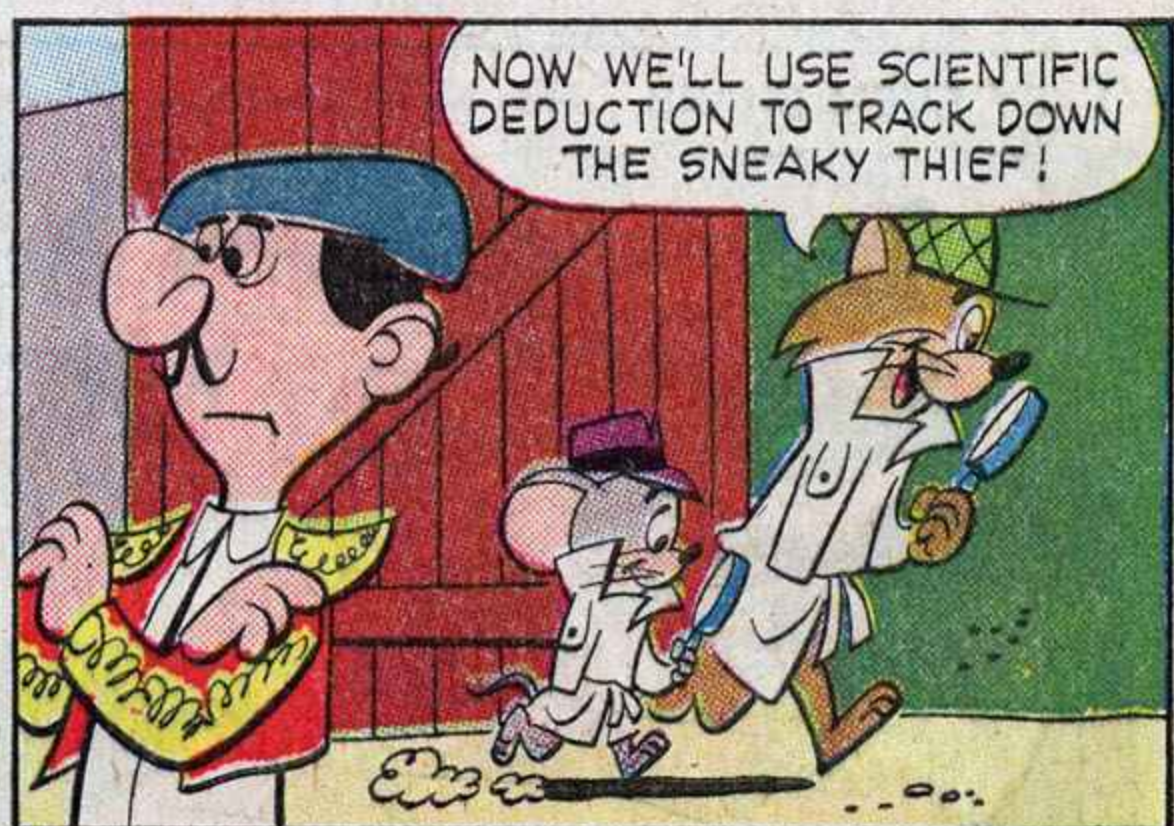
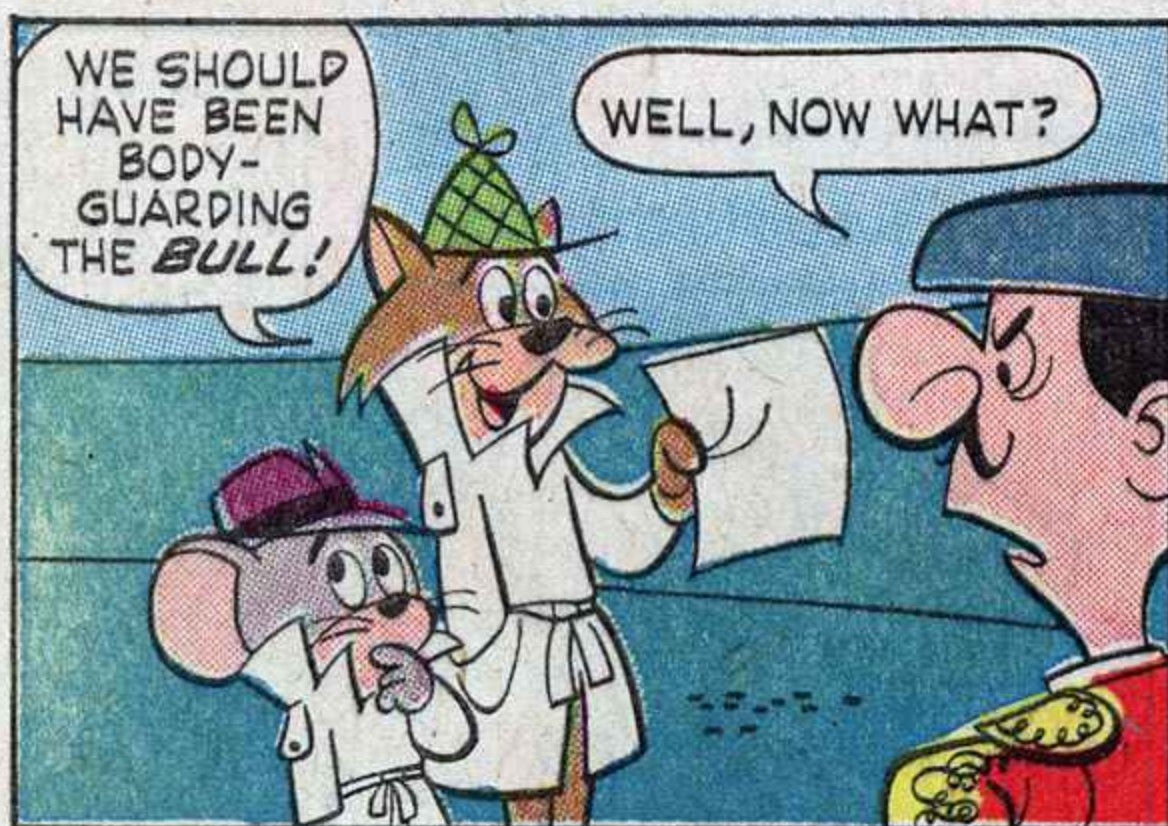
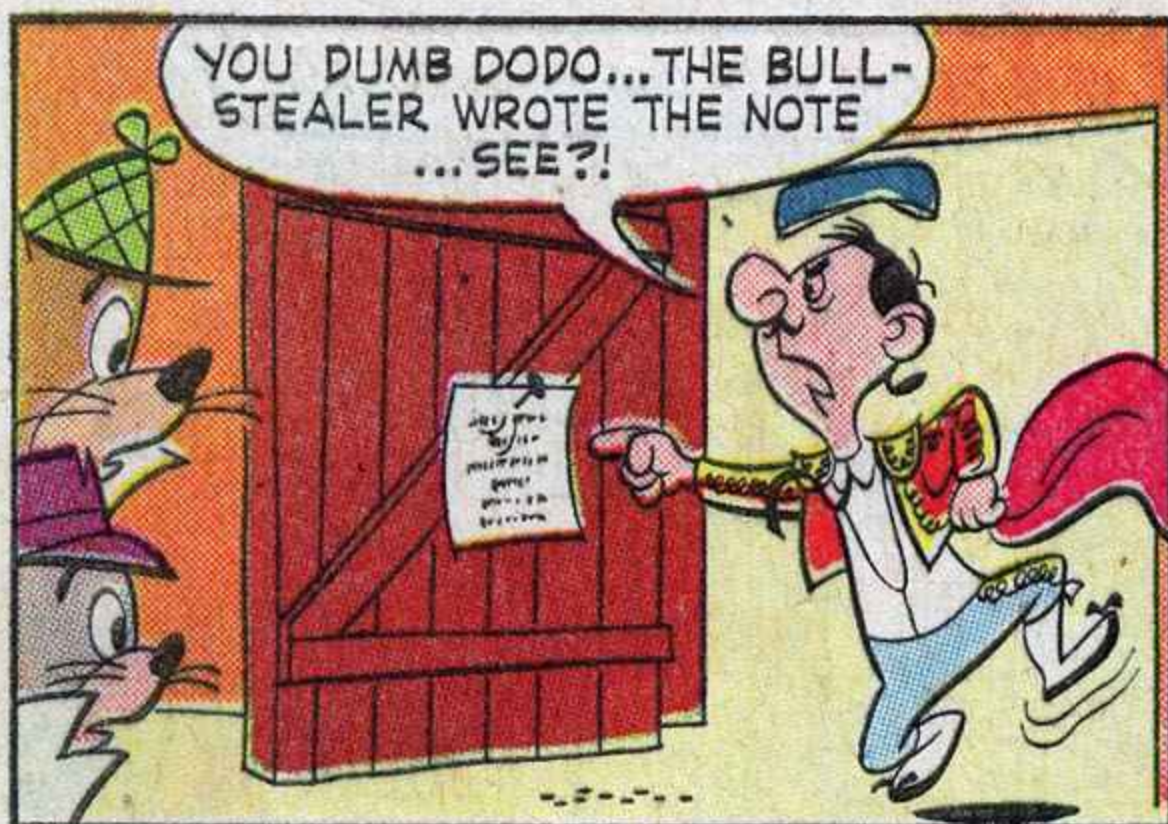
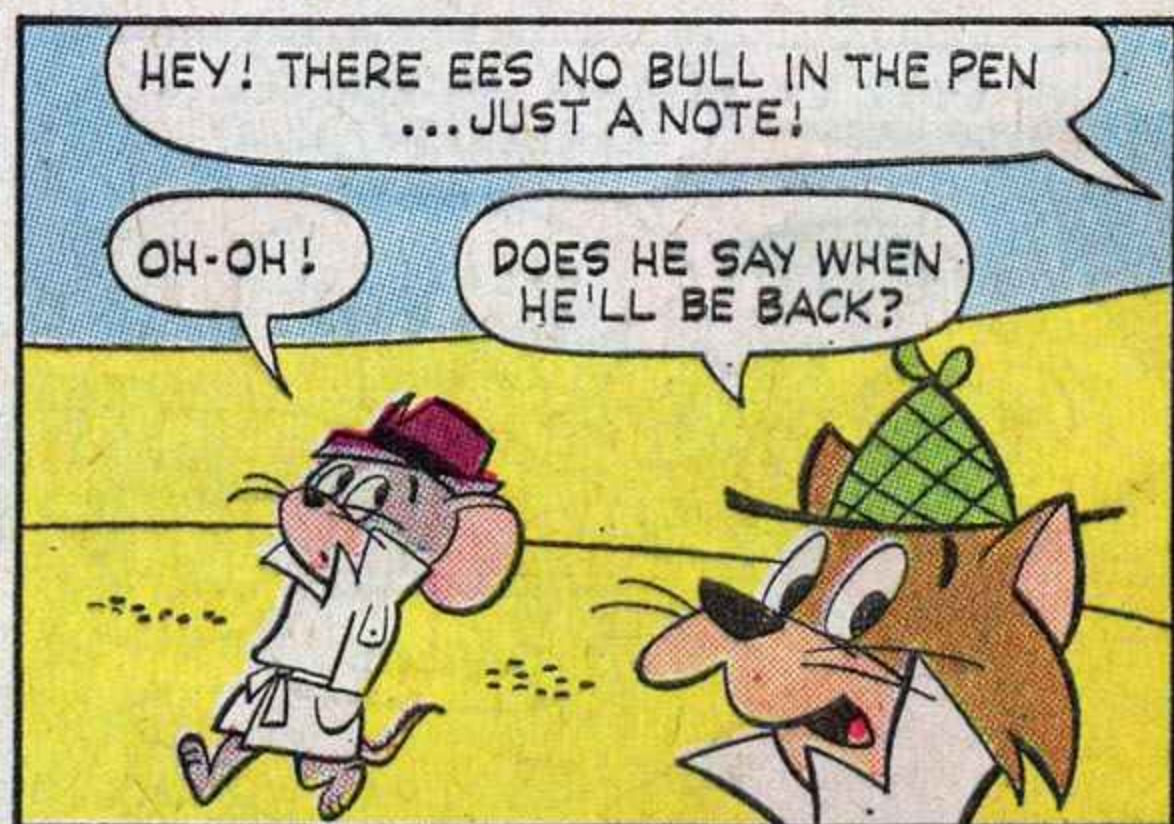
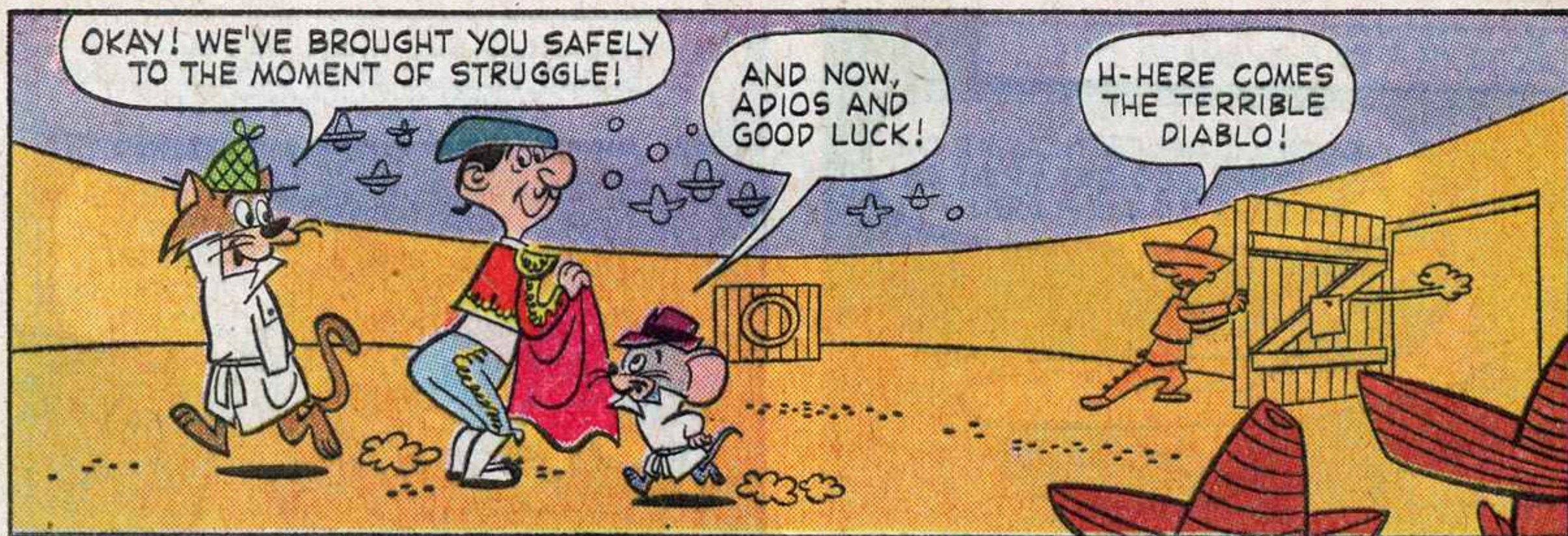
PLAZA DE TOROS



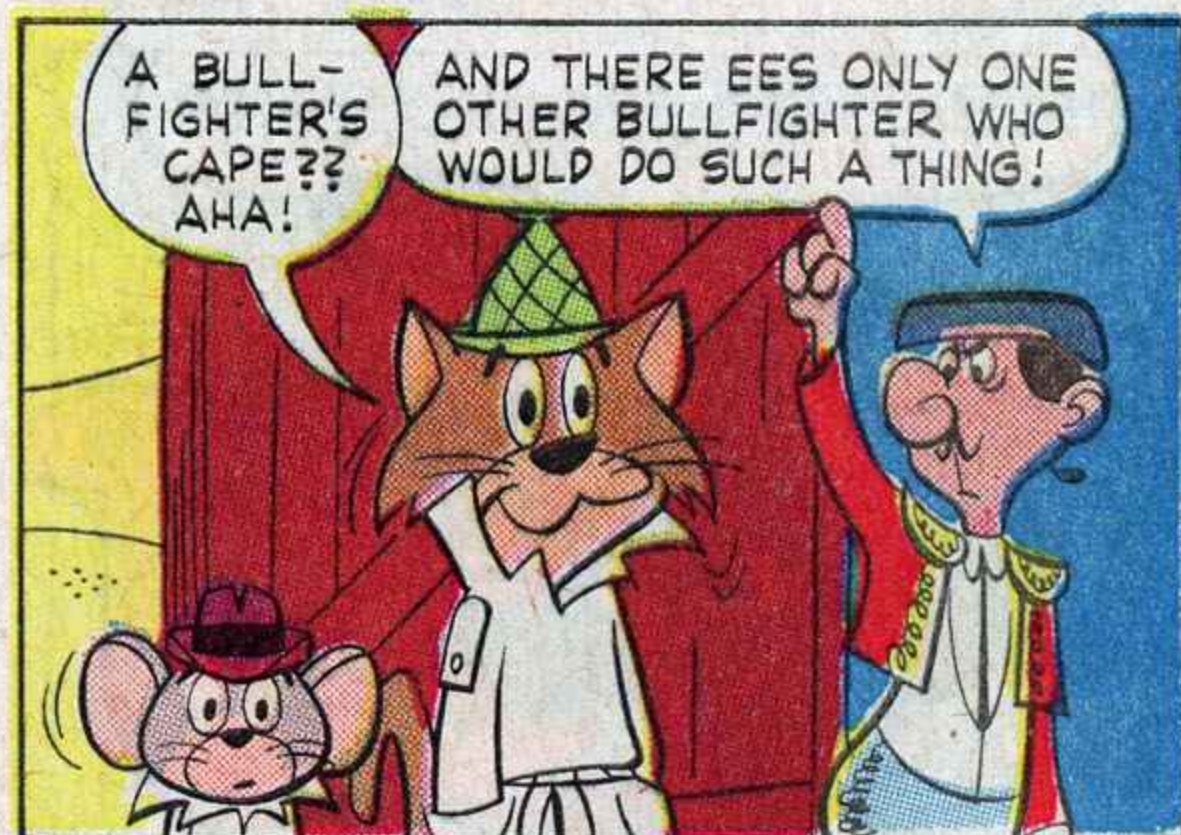
CARLOS VS DIABLO



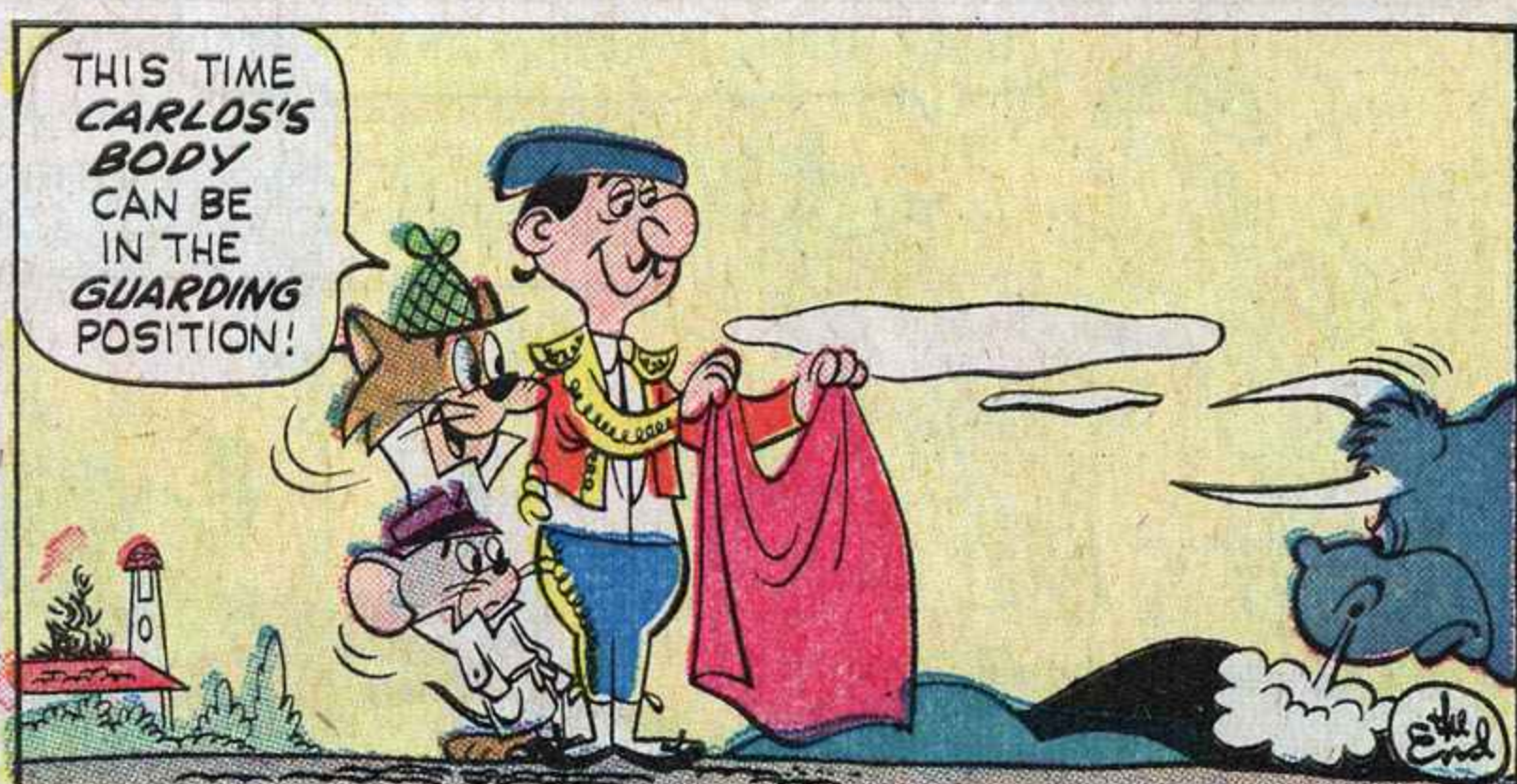
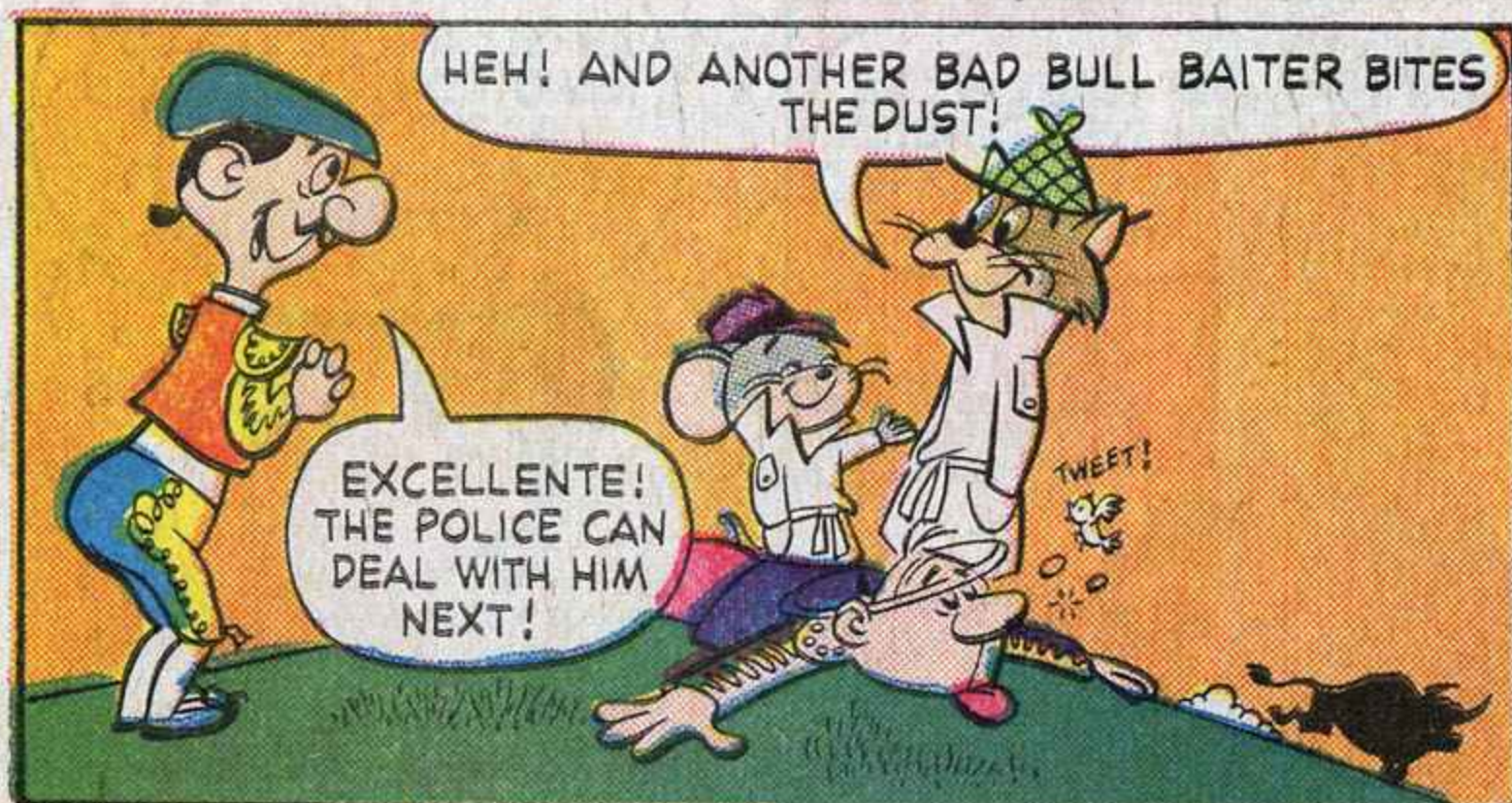
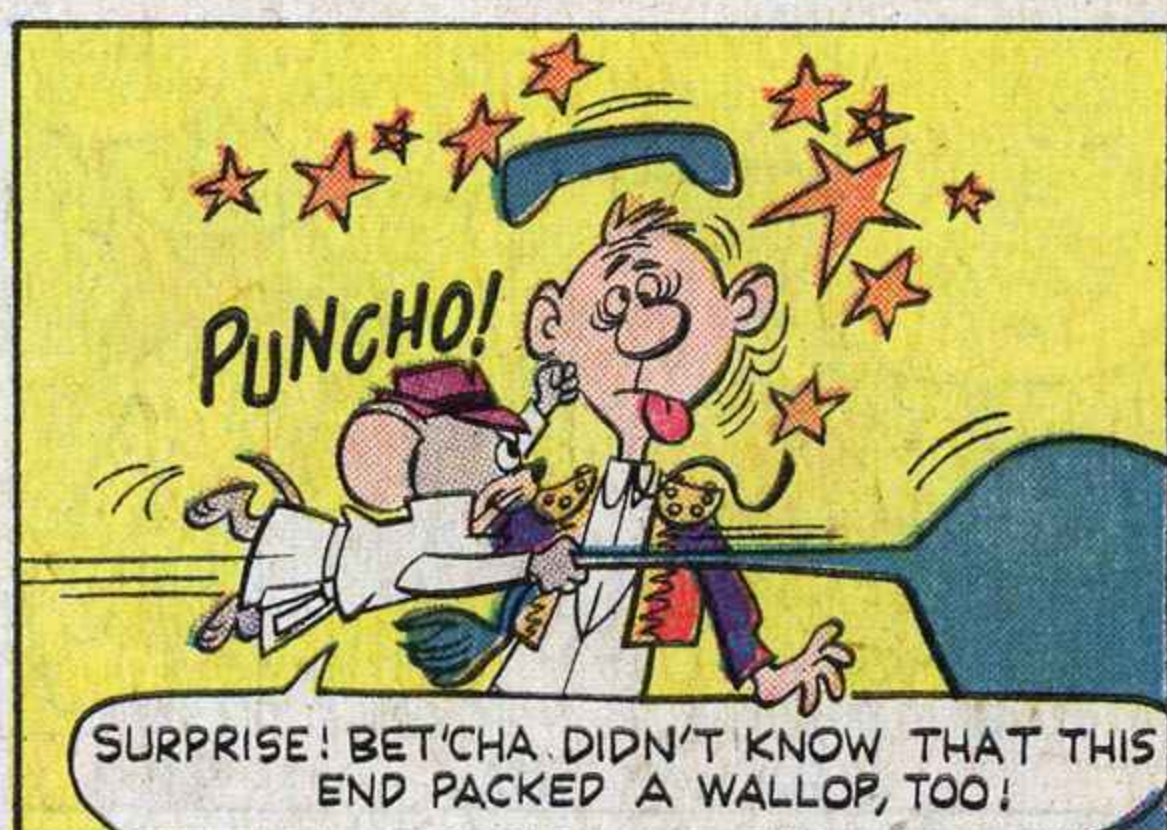
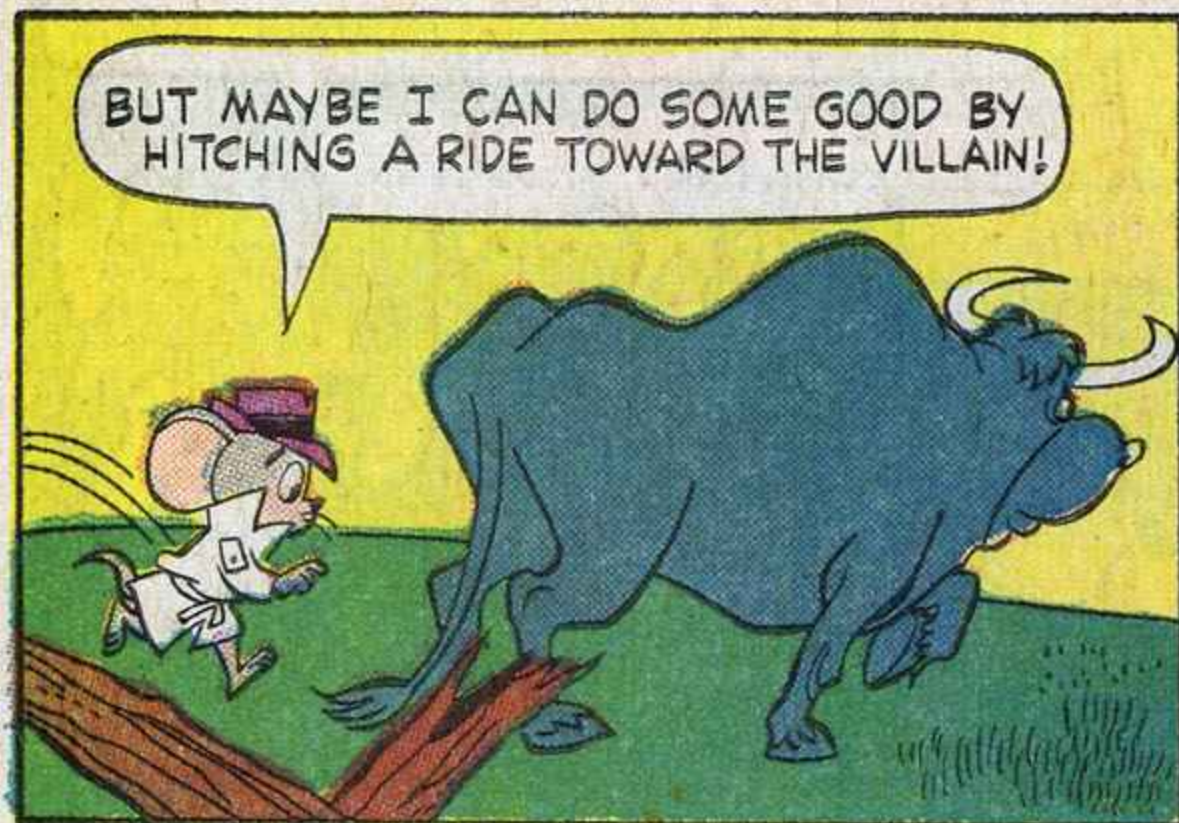
















KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

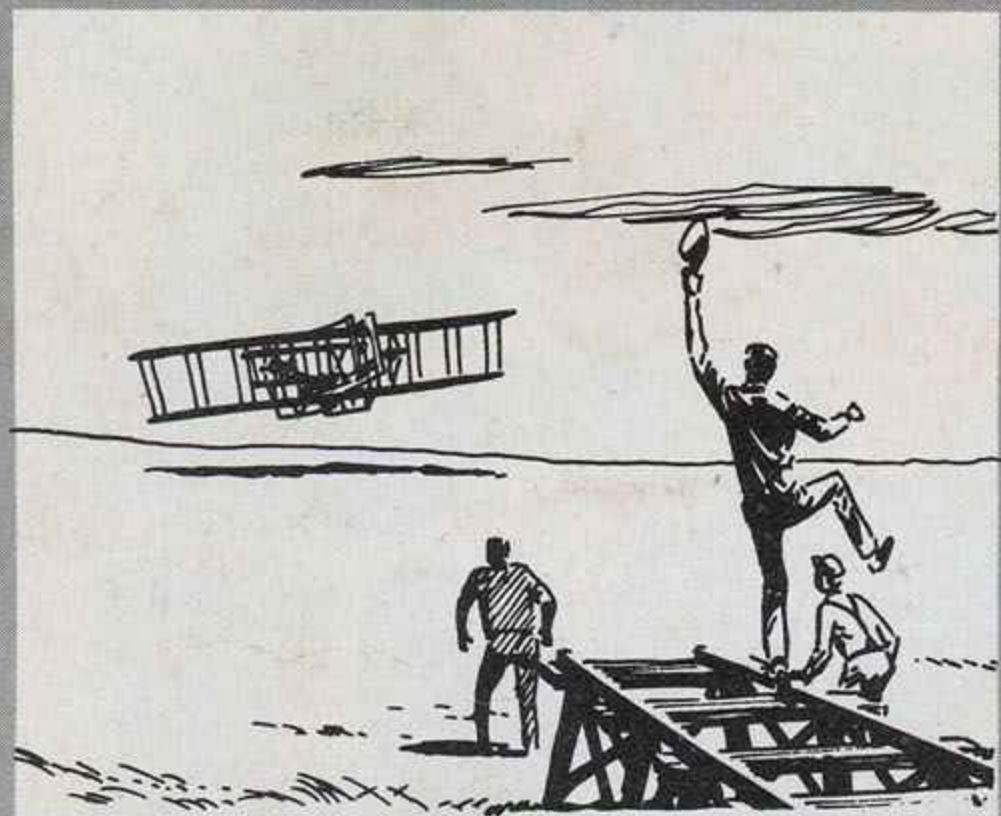
# The HISTORY of FLIGHT

NUMBER 3

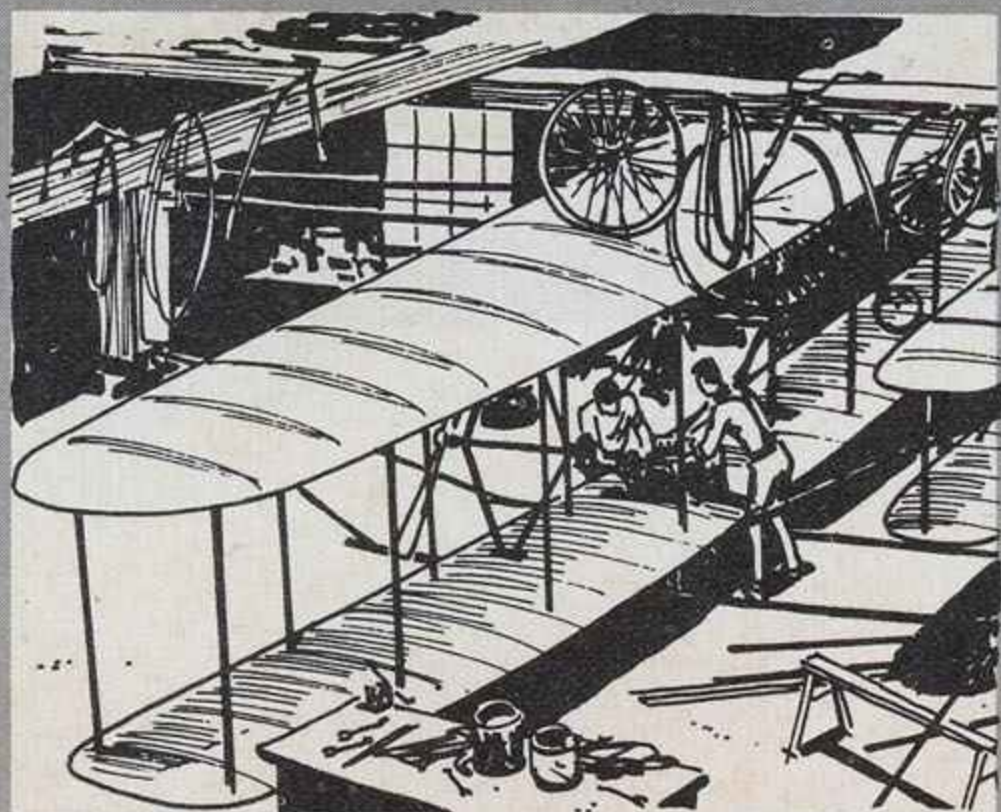
*Power Takes to the Air*

© 1963, WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

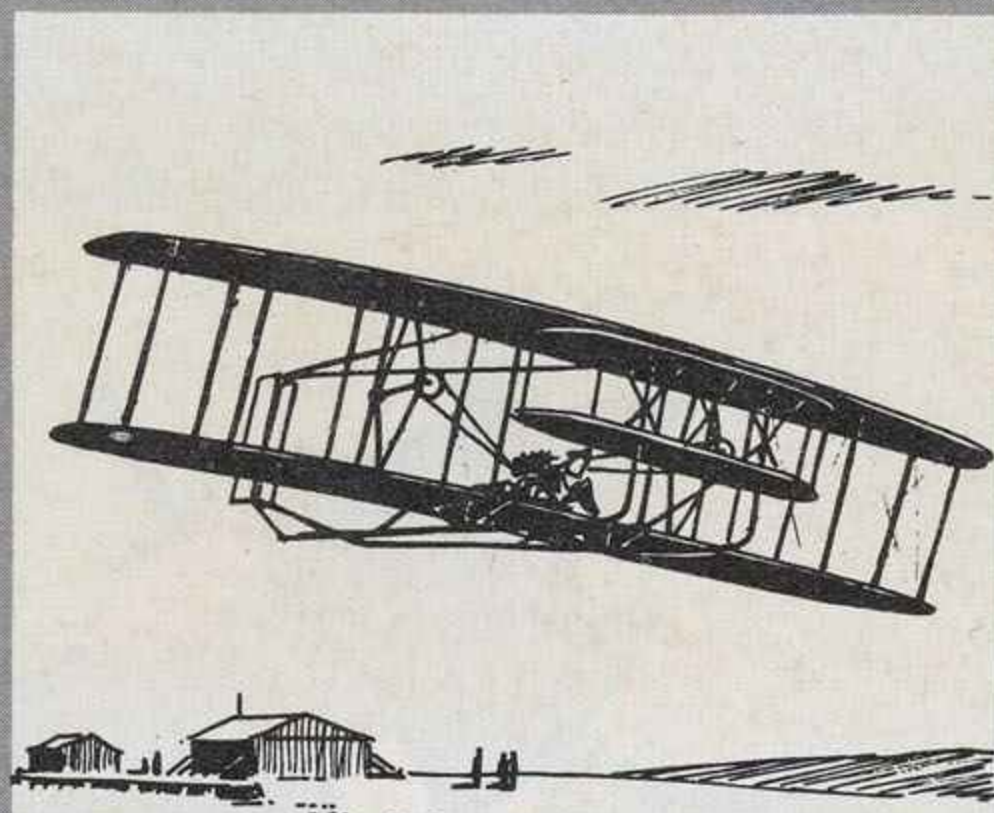
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



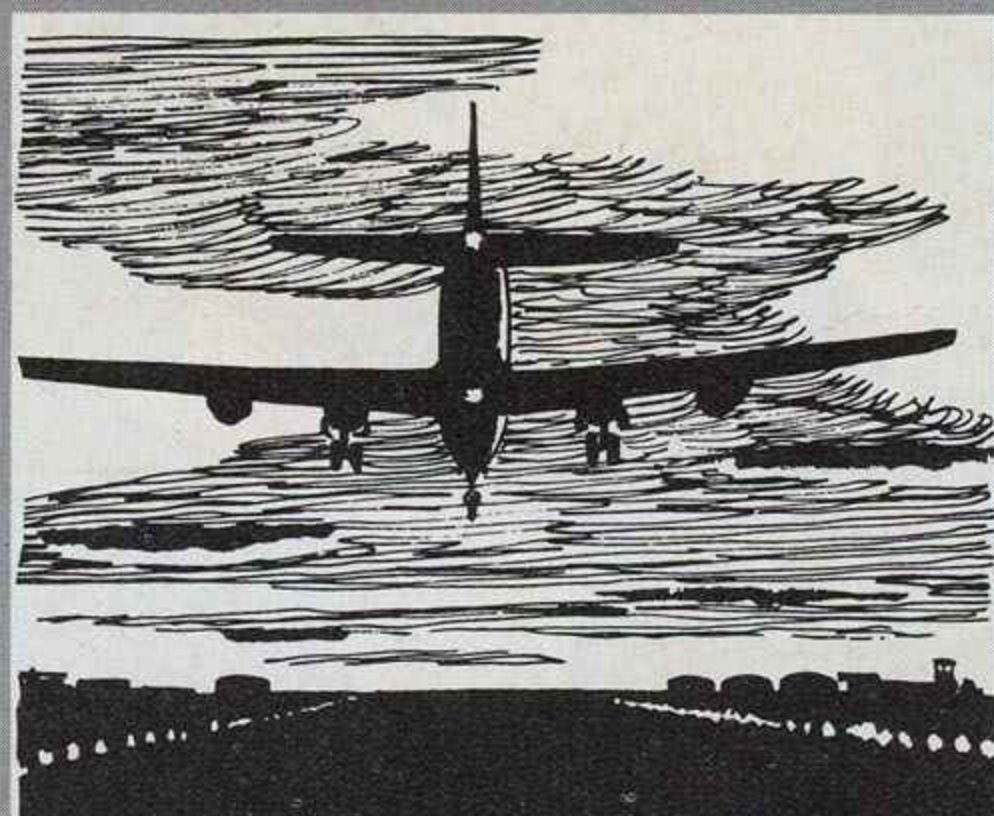
Launched from a rail of two-by-fours, their plane soared ten feet high and landed safely 120 feet away. Orville Wright was the pilot.



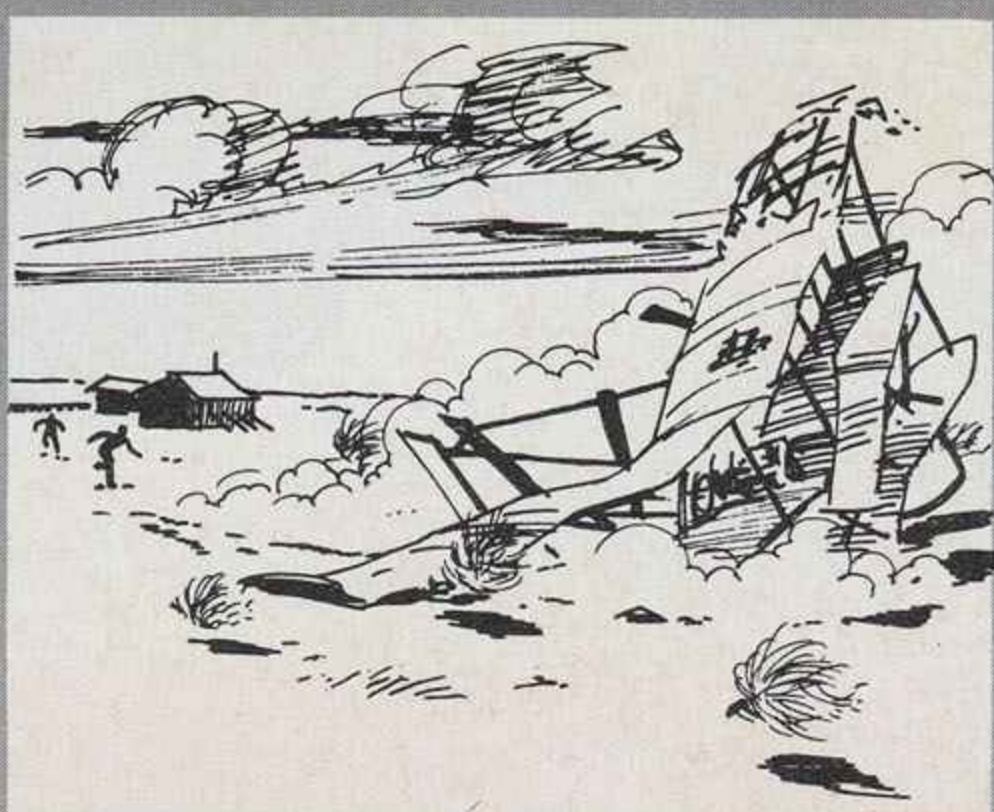
The Wrights, who were bicycle makers, built their entire plane themselves, even the engine. Its carburetor was an old tomato can.



On December 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, Orville and Wilbur Wright were first to achieve flight in powered aircraft.



That total flight does not even equal the wing span of today's transports. However, the fourth flight that day covered 852 feet.



Minutes after completing the four historic flights, the "Flyer" was buffeted to destruction by jealous, capricious winds.



**SNOOPER and BLABBER** PIN-UP NO. 3

